Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

When I catch myself wishing for to morrow, or in a moment of forced philosophy asking what it would advantage a man if he could go through life with a hop, skip and jump, missing days and weeks and months, and even years, here and there, it becomes apparent that no matter how long a span within the given limits may be our share, we ought to fill each moment not only with the traditional good works which fit us for a comfortable removal, but with that contentment which makes all of life a pleasant thing to live. We never hear of a man in the enjoyment of good health and prosperity and the expectancy of seventy-five years as his share of life here on earth, wishing that it would be only seventy years or sixty-five years. Even sick men suffering almost unendurable pangs are anxious to prolong their existence by a day or an hour. Yet people who are well can everywhere be found wishing that it were to-morrow or day after to-morrow, or next week or next month, inasmuch as some longed-for event is put just that far out of the reach of the moment. When I am at home hard at work I have to confess to an occasional longing for the three or four months hence when I can afford to go away again in pursuit of health or pleasure or under cover of some other excuse for litigant laziness. Then when I am away suffering slight inconvenience or weariness, I wish that the voyage was over and I was at home. I know that as I get older I do less of this sort of thing, for I feel that at best there are no days to waste and none to give away, none to skip over; I shall have use for every hour that is left to me.

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After an absence of three months, how odd it is to look about and see the changes. In Toronto they are not such as to change the look of the city nor to alter the complexion of the great tide of humanity in which one loses oneself on the principal streets. Elections have been held, friends defeated or elected, yet at home nor in Dominion politics have the dominant parties been changed. In business some have got richer and some have gone to the wall. It is when one reads the death roll that the idea of time becomes impressive and begets a wonderment concerning eternity. Men who have been prominent for nearly half a century in local politics and official circles have passed away, leaving mourning bands on the hats of their friends, weeds on sad widows, and well worn but vacant chairs by firesides which shall see them no more. When we think about the homes of our friends which have been desolated, how little municipal elections and parliamentary struggles amount to. When we notice how little change these deaths have made in the fabric of social life; how the Legislature goes on though that sturdy and honest man, H. E. Clarke, died in the midst of debate; how few think of old City Treasurer Harman in his tomb when they do business at the City Hall; how soon the genial face will be forgotten of James E. Smith, once mayor of Toronto and known by everyone; of how little importance to the lives of others are many of us whose departure from time into eternity would receive no notice from the newspapers except that purchased at the advertising counter by the payment of half a dollar, it begins to dawn on the slowest intellect and the most discontented soul that we should provide ourselves with some claim for future distinction, be well enough loved to at least occasion a private grief, or else fill this unhappy world for the few days we can stay in it with those things which make the day happy and tend not to the darkening of what little brightness there might be in the morrow.

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Already the parliamentary vacancy created by the death of Mr. H. E. Clarke has caused much comment; candidates are numerous who are anxious to occupy his place even if they are unfit to fill it. No matter who dies, his place in counting-house or factory, in parliament or public office, must be filled, and very often the newly turned earth over the grave of greatness is trampled into dust and the mound which was to serve to keep that grave in memory is obliterated by the hasty feet of competitors who seek to fill the vacant place. It is a busy world and no machinery can be stopped because somebody has dropped out. In home life alone is this unseemly forgetfulness forbidden, and except in very rare instances it is in the home alone where genuine grief is felt. Custom has forbidden recently bereaved husbands to woo or newly made widows to wed, but there is no law either written or unwritten to prevent competition for the place vacated in business or public life. As parts of the great social machinery which civilization has given us, we are but cogs in great cruel wheels which go round and round, maiming and disfiguring those whom ignorance or recklessness brings into collision with us. When we drop out there is no jolt felt; there are too many cogs for one to be missed, and before the wheel has completed its nine-days orbit the place has been filled.

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Knowing this as we all do, it seems odd that home life is so much neglected by those in pursuit of happiness. Home, the only place where we are safe from the storms of adversity, from the jealousy of competitors, from the wounds of enemies, is so often subordinated to the life we live in the eyes of our neighbors and so-called friends, that it is robbed of both its charm and safety. It is the too often unappreciated haven in which many never seek to anchor until thoroughly crippled by storm and mismanagement. So many pretty poems have been written about home and so many sweet things said, and there is such a great but unrealized belief in its happiness, that even those who have succeeded in escaping the pleasures of home while in pursuit of some other more favored place have yet a sentimental horror of being homeless, as well as of those dreadful vices and almost unaccountable follies which desolate that which should be a delightful shelter. When suddenly a scandal springs up in the home life of a husband and wife we hear of it with that exact and harrowing perfection of detail in which American papers excel, and I often wonder what are the feelings of the readers who delight in this sort of thing, and who, by their anxiety to obtain it, justify to a certain extent the publication of every disgraceful domestic episode which is permitted to escape beyond the curtains and doors of privacy.

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It is a long time since a more disreputable affair has been made public than the one which has made one of the daughters of the Astor family the shame of her relatives and the gossip of two continents. The Astors are the richest and perhaps the proudest family in America. One of the daughters, highly educated, with a "preliminary" income of forty thousand dollars a year, married a handsome young Southerner who also had twenty thousand dollars a year in his own right. A vast fortune awaited this young fellow's wife, and yet by her conduct with a penniless and profligate coward and cad she has shamed her relatives and brought disgrace upon her husband and children, while she—what can she ever hope to be, or in spite of her riches what can she ever hope to have—Another startling incident of a similar sort occurred on the Riviera not long ago, when a wealthy American shot dead the paramour of his wealthy wife in a hotel at Nice! It was a dreadful incident of how home life has been broken up in the pursuit of pleasure, ending in shame for her and her four innocent children and in homicide and a cell in a French jail for him. In wandering about, one cannot but see the general tendency of those with wealth to forsake the safety and happiness of home for a struggle for political power, or to venture upon the dangers of publicity which must follow in the wake of the unrestrained pursuit of pleasure. The restlessness, the discontent of those who seem to have everything that they need, who are indeed apparently possessed of more than their share of all the material things that the gods have to give, would be enough, if the poorer and more hard-worked were able to see the results, to teach contentment and cure the feverishness which imperils the happiness of to-day and the enjoyment of the few things we can possess.

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Next week I shall offer to the readers I am so glad to meet again by means of this page, an article descriptive of Florence, that lovely city on the Arno, and this with something about Venice will complete my little description of a trip to Italy.

DON.

THE LATE WALT WHITMAN.

Whether William Bell is a success or a failure in Council, depends upon how you look at it. If he is there to represent the Orange order and carry a tin sword in small imitation of the pious and immortal horseman who crossed the Boyne, perhaps he is a success and is doing his peculiar duty as well as another could. If he is there to represent the city, however, his success is not very pronounced. He only tries to represent that sectarian part of his constituency to which he owes his advancement. That a minority has rights he does not dispute, but by his conduct he says that the minority is entitled only to such rights as it has the strength to defend. This is the principle of those who aspire to a complete Orange ascendency here, and it seems to me not unlike the vicious principle to combat which Orangeism struggled into being. It was this principle which actuated James and his counsellors, and it was a desire to subjugate such pernicious ethics of government that induced William to gird on his sword and cross the English channel. But now the force that first subdued intolerance and was afterwards commissioned to hold it in subjection, is disposed to use it in a new behalf; St. George has revitalized the dragon and made it do his bidding; the oppressed, having disarmed the oppressor, is not content with securing equality, but goes the length of reversing original relations and plies the lash in turn. It is not the same lash, of course, for time has changed it, but the same spirit nerves the smiting hand. In place of imprisonment and banishment we have ostracism at home; in lieu of confiscation and conscription we have civil and social disabilities and an half operative commercial boycott. I speak of things not exactly as they are but rather as they are sought to be made by that unlovely local group of which Mr. Bell is the central figure.

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His notice of motion in Council to force all public processions through the streets of this loyal city to carry the Union Jack, trod too closely upon the heels of the St. Patrick's day parade to win much applause except from extremists. If his intention is to get a clout at the Dogans, then he probably will secure applause from those who itch to see the Dogans clouted, but the majority of people here are solicitous for harmony and long to see an end to hereditary bitterness. It is a perilous thing to make the flag the peculiar badge of any sect, society or political party within the state. If one body makes it the ensign under which they make offensive attacks upon another, then the other will come to hate it for the sake of the enemies who flaunt it. As good a Protestant, perhaps, as any who claw the air to show their zeal, yet I do not forget that there was a flag before there was an Orange order, and a flag, too, that never lacked defenders. When Protestantism was born and had secured England for its inheritance, it came into possession of a flag, attached to which was a legacy of glory that only vigilance and heroism could maintain intact through subsequent time. And shall a flag that has always been national become sectarian now? Shall a flag that won some of its renown in Roman Catholic times be appropriated as the distinctive emblem of our newer creed? By seeking to make it so, our creed may temporarily gain a selfish point that will not enrich it, but the flag will lose its meaning and its magic as a national ensign and become a sorry rag.

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Leave every citizen of the country free to wave the flag or not. Patriotism is a gift from God, and absent, it cannot be conjured into a man's heart by civic enactment or parliamentary ordinance. Better that our Roman Catholic neighbors should respect the flag as it floats from the housetops, than that they should curse it as they lug it through the streets under police surveillance. The green flag was the Irish national emblem before its significance was narrowed down to a particular creed, and therefore it has associations to endear it to a race which cut an important figure in history. But if it has come to represent a creed, the carrying of it by certain societies which are children to that creed embodies no insult to the Union Jack, which is a national ensign under which all creeds are guaranteed safe coaduct. The green flag is not a banner of rebellion nor is it the ensign of a rival nation. Were it either there might be justice in prescribing it, and if Mr. Bell's intention is to make processions in which the Stars and Stripes are displayed carry a Union Jack, there would be an excuse for him. The Americans are so jealous of our flag they should be made to keep theirs to themselves. But his purpose looks further and there is bound to be trouble if the most aggressive of local Orangemen offensively thrusts the Union Jack upon Roman Catholic society parades. They will not object so much to the flag as to the coercion employed and to the personality of the dictator who interferes with them. It will be a silly day when all parading societies and the Salvation Army are solemnly ordered to unfurl the flag like loyal citizens, and when even funerals will be stopped on the street until the undertaker runs up colors on his hearse.

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It requires considerable assurance for one to dare mention that old and threadbare topic, the Behring Sea difficulty. But for a while past it has looked as though a new color were coming over the face of affairs, a color red as blood. Urged on by the necessity for doing something spirited or brilliant before the Presidential election, Mr. Harrison notified Lord Salisbury that the Republic would protect the seal fisheries if it required its whole militia force to do so. He did not say how the militia force would march about on the waters, but that is a detail. Salisbury is said to have decided that British sealers should put up with no injustice merely to suit party exigencies in the United States, so arose a prospect of trouble. In fact, a conflict seemed sure unless the commanders of the rival powers sailed with sealed orders which will supersede those openly given. It was said the American cutters had instructions to seize any vessel caught sealing, and it was on the other hand announced that the English cutters had orders to resist and prevent such seizures if attempted. Under these circumstances nothing could prevent a conflict, and once shots were exchanged the reverberation of those reports would put two continents in arms. The American people have presumed too much upon the good nature of England, and the tone of the New York papers has been studiously insolent, as though war was something to be desired. One of the two great comic papers, which one I forget, came out a fortnight ago with a full page cartoon, going to show that England had "backed down" at the time of the war of independence; again in 1812, again in 1865 on the Alabama claim, and another back-down was now due on the Behring Sea difficulty. Supposing England had backed down on these former occasions, one would suppose her forbearance would have inspired a similar desire for good-neighborliness on the part of the Republic. No abiding peace can be maintained at a continual sacrifice by one party to a peace. Unless there is a reciprocity in good-will and friendly toleration, it can only last so long the patience of the tolerant power holds out. With small meannesses to vex it, with it generosity misconstrued as cowardice and with all its friendly advances made into a basis for more impudent demands, the patience of a great nation like England has lasted surprisingly long. To maintain happy relations there must be a give and take between nations as between individuals, but if one side has to give all the kindnesses and take all the cuffs, the happiness cannot prove very enduring. Since the day when Great Britain gave in her generosity the whole unexplored west as a birth gift to the new Republic on the Atlantic coast, that Republic has hated England with the unreasoning bitterness with which a man hates his creditor.

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Perhaps if the worst came, Harrison's militia would not try walking upon the water, but would protect the seals by bayoneting the Canadian citizens who wear seal. Perhaps, too, there is an opinion in the President's head that if war came he could seize the Dominion and become a sort of step-father to a greater country than that begat by Washington. Perhaps he believes those scandalous liars who say that in the event of such a war Canada would throw her men and means into the fight along with him. Well, let him not peril his precious life and his grandfather's sword on any such hazard. Let him learn in time that it is better to be a living President than a dead general. There seems abundant evidence that the game of twisting the lion's tail has been pursued to the extreme limit of safety. Salisbury's

last message indicated this in dignified language, for it recapitulated the whole dispute in such concise language that the world and history could not fail to admit the justice of his position, and then concluded with an expression of intention that might be called the British ultimatum. Harrison has altered his tone already, pretending to discern in the message referred to a concession for which he has been contending, whereas, Salisbury has not altered his position by a hair's breadth. The arbitration will decide which nation is in the right and the amount of damages, if any, sustained by that nation through the wrongful contentions and practices of the other. This diplomacy has throughout illustrated how much superior and more worthy of respect is the calm, impartial and honorable method of the mother of nations to the snide bombastic and tricky behavior of her upstart son.

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E. A. Macdonald, that political and municipal freak whom the fates fashioned one rainy day for their own amusement, is, of course, in the field as a candidate for the representation of Toronto in the Legislature. He nominated himself. He long since became an active organization in his own behalf. He is his only admirer but in this, at least, he seems to be sincere. In his address to the electors he is very severe upon office holders, an opinion that has taken furious possession of him since his last two failures to get into the Council. He denies any personal desire to get into parliament, and to this he would probably not hesitate to ask the Conservative Association of East York to certify. The principle of which he has become the exponent and which he now urges to a test, was only embraced by him a few weeks ago when, oppressed by the aggravating public indifference that seemed to smother him, he felt a pang of jealousy at the superior disrepute being so easily achieved by Sol White. He has resolved to outdo his rival. And he will do it even if he has to employ alchemy and transform himself into a two-headed boy or a three-legged rooster, that people may talk of and travel to see. I should not wonder if he cherishes a fond hope that he will some day be executed under highly spectacular conditions as a political offender. At all events, he will meet with one kind of an execution if he persists in facing the electors as representative of the annexation idea.

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The impeachment of Judge Elliott was a stroke so bold that, though threatened, few expected to see it put into execution. The judiciary has so long been regarded as inviolable, and such speedy retribution has overtaken those who in a spirit of bravado have assailed the bench, with or without cause, that the people thought that James Lister would not be profane enough to impeach Judge Elliott. Despite all evidence of partizanship, there are many who consistently believe that a judge must be right. These are the people who never saw one without his gown and therefore have had no opportunity of observing in him the frail humanity pervading all of us who like sheep, etc. A man being a man, the donning of a particular piece of raiment cannot transform him into an angel. It would be well if the popular belief in the rock-like impartiality of the judiciary could be maintained, and there is no reason why that belief should be dispelled, for though all minds must entertain partialities, yet a certain high order of intellect can subordinate personal predilections to those standard principles of equity acquired by training. Only that judge whose impartiality is marvelous can safely interpret law without considering equity, for while a man's conception of the latter may be developed into set and safe proportions, bare law is open to whatever interpretation a biased mind may desire to give it. Respect for the bench and faith in its findings are very desirable conditions, but they cannot be maintained by a severity of punishment upon those who assail the judiciary. This is only a minor part of the means whereby a proper respect is to be preserved. The chief requirement is that the bench shall merit public confidence to such a degree that its assailants shall necessarily be dangerous and unworthy persons only. When, however, men as good as any within a community make charges through a responsible parliamentarian against a judge, all this hocus pocus business by which he is hedged about must be pulled aside and the man examined, lest in being over punctilious in respect to an individual we imperil the standing of a vital institution, of which he is only an insignificant feature at best. The charges against Judge Elliott are so strong that they seem to discredit belief in themselves, but they come from men who are entitled to a chance to make good their bold talk. It would be a cruel kindness for the House to protect the Judge from his accusers.

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The fact that unrestricted reciprocity has nearly seen its length of days, is clearly indicated in the turn-over of Col. Amyot to the Government side. It is an instinct of human nature, perhaps French-Canadian human nature more particularly, to give a steadfast adherence to the predominant power and to espouse the cause that least needs espousal. However one might be inclined to speak fairly and treat a convert as a man of proved superiority of brains in that he was open to new convictions, it is very hard to applaud the action of the gallant Colonel. Try as you will, you cannot but suspect that he was attracted rather by the numbers than by the logic of the Conservative party in the House, and that he deserted the Liberals more because of the disagreeable misfortunes he was called upon to share, than because of any soul rending disapproval of their policy. The moment was very inopportune for a dignified change of base. It is said that other French-Canadian Liberals of easily adjustable convictions and versatile virtue will leisurely straggle across the floor of the House during the present session.

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If the lawyers, whom the city employs from time to time, could manage to do the work for which they are engaged and leave other matters alone, then Toronto would not be day by day scrambling out of one hole into another. S. H. Blake, in the cheerful style in which he so often refuses to mind his own business when representing the city before the Legislature, asked for something that he doubtless thought would do the city good, but which the wicked city does not want. In acting thus there seems a doubt whether he followed the promptings of his own "infallible" but queerly constructed congcience, or upon instructions; and if upon instructions there seems doubt whether these were received from his Sunday School class or from a municipal committee. The one thing that doubt cannot touch is that neither the class nor its leader, but the city, gloats over it as a piece of his superior workmanship, then he abandons the only acceptable excuse he had, that he acted in good faith believing himself to be instructed by committee to do as he did. No interest of the city is safe in the hands of a lawyer who will do a clever piece of work to gratify his personal views in spite of a contrary public opinion. It is an old thing for an alderman to fix things as suits his notions, but for the lawyer, who is called in in an emergency, to "work" things, is too much. Last summer when the Sunday car question was up for discussion and the street railway agreement was being drafted, Mr. Blake divided his attention between the two, and now we have already learned that that all-important agreement is deficient, for whatever system of propulsion is adopted now must remain in vogue for thirty years, though the whole world laugh at us. To avoid this we are forced to crawl before the company and beg the privilege of changing the system, should it prove necessary, at the expense of the city of Toronto. The ability to do clever pieces of work is in most men spasmodic, as evidence is not lacking to prove. Lawyers have long injured the city by sins of omission, such as the failure to notice that the country owned a mile of street in Parkdale, and that is what I mean when I say that if these legal gentlemen would attend to what is undoubtedly their business, the city would be better off. As to the broad question of Sunday cars, the people fifteen years hence have as much right to vote on the question as we had last year, and I had as much right to vote for them as S. H. Blake had to vote against them, and—who is he, anyhow, that stretches his rod of authority down through the unborn years in this manner?

MACK.

Death's Valley.

Nay, do not dream, designer dark,
Thou has poortray'd, or hit thy theme entire;
However of late by this dark valley, by its confines, having glimpses of it,
Here enter lists with thee, claiming my right to make a symbol too.

For I have seen many wounded soldiers die,
After dread suffering; have seen their lives pass off with smiling;
And I have watched the death hours of the old; and seen the infant die;
The rich, with all his nurses and his doctors;
And then the poor in mangerness and poverty;
And I myself for long, O Death, have breathed my every breath
Amid the nearness and the silent thought of thee.

And out of these and thee,
I make a scene, a song, brief (not fear of thee,
Nor gloom's ravines, nor bleak, nor dark—for I do not fear thee,
Nor celebrate the struggle, or contortion, or hard-tied knot)
Of the broad, blessed light and perfect air, with meadows, rippling tides, and trees and flowers and grass,

And the low hum of living breeze—and in the midst God's beautiful, eternal right hand,
Thee, holiest minister of heaven—thee, envoy, usherer, guide at last of all,
Rich, full rid, loosener of the stricture-knot called life,
Sweet, peaceful, welcome Death.

WALT WHITMAN in April *Harper's*.

Social and Personal.

The society event of the week was the reception on Thursday afternoon given by the Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Marjoric Campbell at Government House. The long illness and consequent seclusion of Sir Alexander Campbell has closed the hospitable portals of the gubernatorial mansion during the winter, except to formal callers who paid their respects to the fair young chatelaine on the Wednesday "afternoons." Society has suffered much from the illness of several of its most prominent figures, and I am rejoiced to note that our upper ten are likely to be more merry after Easter. At Government House on Thursday I noticed many fashionable and beautiful dames and a goodly number of gallant cavaliers *en attendance*. A few handsome spring costumes were seen, but the coldness of the afternoon kept most of the fair flowers of Toronto society in winter wraps. Among those present were: Mrs. Edward Blake, Mrs. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland, the Misses Boulton, Mrs. Moffatt, Mr. G. B. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kirkpatrick, the Misses Pope, Mrs. Delamere, Col. and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Col. and Miss Milligan, Prof. Hirschfelder, Mr. C. Hirschfelder, Dr. and Mrs. McFarlane, Mr. Chris Baines, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Drayton, Col. and Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, Mr. and Miss DuMoulin, Mr. and Mrs. Warren, Miss MacMahon, Miss Rankin, Mr. J. Enoch Thompson, Mrs. and Miss Gibson, Mr. James Crowther, Mr. Courtenay Thorpe, Dr. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. J. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Cockabutt, Mrs. and Miss O'Brien, Mr. and Miss Wilkie, Mrs. O'Reilly, Col. Otter, Mrs. and the Misses Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Long, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Long, Miss Long, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. Dorset Birchall, Mr. and Miss Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Denison, the Misses Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Lyman, and a host of others. The spacious rooms were crowded, soft strains from the orchestra in the conservatory mingled with the hum of merry voices and a very representative gathering of the pleasant society people of Toronto could be seen strolling through the rooms. About five hundred made their entrances and exits in the two hours during which the reception was held. Miss Campbell wore a dainty fawn gown and looked bright and charming under what is always a trying ordeal. Commander Law and Mr. Harcourt Vernon were as usual ubiquitous, and proved their untiring kindness and tact in making the visitors feel at home.

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The young ladies of the Conservatory of Music School of Elocution gave an enjoyable matinee recital on Saturday last. The selections were particularly good and each was of interest. Mrs. Belle Rose Emslie recited Jean Ingelow's Echo and The Ferry splendidly, and Miss Laura Harper gave a humorous selection with delicious *abandon*. A contralto solo by Miss Edith Miller was also much enjoyed. Altogether the work of the young ladies was of uniform good quality.

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A short time ago a most interesting and delightful entertainment was given in Association Hall by Miss J. M. Wallace of Lansdowne school and her class of sixty trained girls. The programme consisted of marches, club swinging, pole practice, musical dumb bells, pantomimes, songs, etc., and was most thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience present. The entertainment, by special request, is to be repeated in Association Hall on Tuesday evening, April 5. Those wishing to spend a most enjoyable time will do well to note the date.

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A large circle of friends mourn the untimely death of Mrs. Thompson, which has left a blank in both social and musical circles in Toronto. This lady was endeared to a very extended acquaintance by all the finest traits of a charming womanhood, and her musical talents were of a very high order. Her decease at such an early age, in the heyday of life and happiness, saddens the thoughts of those who knew and esteemed her.

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Mrs. Leslie Brown of Aberdeen is visiting Mrs. Brodie of Elm avenue, Rosedale. Mrs. Brown is one of the charming visitors who have made our past season so pleasant and agreeable.

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Mrs. R. J. Tackaberry, who is traveling in the Southern States, is thoroughly enjoying her visit. A bright and graphic description of her surroundings, in a most interesting letter, makes one impatient of the lingering chill gusts of winter, and our bare and leafless trees.

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The last reunion of the French Club at the residence of Mrs. Robert Wilkes, Bloor street east, was very enjoyable, Mrs. Wilkes and her amiable daughters making most kind and successful hostesses. The club will be received this evening by Miss Brown, at the residence of Mrs. Beard, 317 Jarvis street. The club are indebted to Mrs. Beard for hospitality which, as heretofore, will doubtless be remembered as being in every way hearty and delightful.

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Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Hall will receive the Bell Euchre Club next Tuesday evening.

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Mr. and Mrs. Hoskin of The Dale, Rosedale, gave a charming dinner on Friday of last week.

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Mr. and Mrs. Peter Yeats celebrated their golden wedding at the residence of Mrs. Sylvester, 11 Suffolk place, on Thursday, March 24. The celebration took the form of a reception from two till ten o'clock p.m. The guests were received by the venerable couple, assisted by their daughters, Mrs. D. Sylvester and Mrs. James Pringle of Rose avenue. Their children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, as well as a large circle of friends, tendered the congratulations and gifts suitable to so rare and interesting an anniversary.

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Miss Lay of Morvyn House gave a most successful tea on Thursday, March 24.

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Mrs. J. Sinclair Brodie gave a very pleasant tea on Tuesday afternoon of last week.

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Another well known Toronto lady who is enjoying a delightful trip to sunny climes, is Mrs. James Carruthers, who is most enthusiastic over the delights of Bermuda. Mrs. Carruthers is expected home about the middle of this month.

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Mrs. A. W. Croll gave a pretty little luncheon on Wednesday last. The table decorations were simple and elegant, being purely white with centerpiece of white flowers.

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Miss Howard O'Keefe, a lady journalist from Sydney, Australia, is visiting Toronto. Miss O'Keefe is a very bright and charming lady, whose wide experience and culture unite to render her an acquisition to the circle enjoying the pleasure of her society.

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A pretty birthday party was given by Mrs. Hogsboom of 5 Walmer road, for her little daughter Gladys, who lately celebrated her seventh anniversary.

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Mrs. Finbar Hayes of Montreal is making a short visit to Toronto.

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Mrs. Harry Tyson is visiting in Florida.

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Miss May Walker has gone to Europe, where she will join Mr. and Mrs. Walker, who are at present in Paris.

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The A hennæum Club have issued invitations to an opening reception in the new club house, 165 and 167 Church street, on Monday evening next. Handsome and artistic designs ornament the two-leaved invitation cards, which are united by silken cords in crimson and gold, the colors of the club. The programme is illustrated by some suggestive and dainty sketches, a water spout adorning the line of the addresses, a cruet doing like duty opposite the supper notice, and a neat pump and tiny slipper facing each other suggestively on either side of the magic word "Dancing." Cyclists, gymnasts, bowlers, chesaplayers, etc., skirmish about on the cover, with a handsome and correct sketch of the beautiful club house, the whole design being a credit to the clever artist, Mr. Howard. I shall be able to give particulars of the affair next week.

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Mrs. Herbert Walker's reception rooms were filled on her calling days last week, with friends who were anxious to welcome back to Toronto a lady who has endeared herself to all who have the privilege of knowing her.

*

The first At Home of the Toronto Literary and Musical Club was held on Tuesday evening, in their club rooms, Avenue Chambers, corner Spadina avenue and College street, and was a great success. A short musical programme occupied the earlier part of the evening, after which the large hall was utilized for dancing and the lodge rooms for various parlor amusements, cards and games being provided for the non-dancing members. The rooms were tastefully decorated with flags, flowers and bunting. Gilonna's excellent orchestra furnished the dance music and Caterer Webb the refreshments. Among those who contributed to the success of the concert were: Miss Maud Carter, Mr. Barton, violinist, Miss Benson, Mr. W. A. Martin, Mr. and Miss Parkinson, and Mrs. Parker. The committee of management were: Chairman, Dr. F. Herbert Adams; secretary, Mr. C. B. Baker; and the following, Messrs. W. R. Clarke, George Bailey, Mrs. A. G. Mortimer, Mrs. H. W. Parker, Mrs. W. R. Clarke, Misses J. N. Wiherald, S. Adams and Lillie Spink, and Messrs. F. R. Abbs, C. A. Smith, J. A. Deeks and Dr. J. Frank Adams and H. W. Parker. The following is a partial list of those present: Mr. and Mrs. A. Blight, Miss Maud Carter, Mr. James Bryson, Mr. A. G. Carter, Mr. Barton, Mr. E. W. MacIntyre, Miss Winfield, Miss Ethel K. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Clarke Mr. W. A. Martin, Mr. Fred Warrington, Miss Eleanor Martin, Mr. Burt Williamson of Brampton, Mr. George Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Mortimer, Dr. E. Herbert and Miss Adams, Miss Lillie Spink, Mr. B. W. S. Thompson, Mr. E. A. Rogers, Miss Matson, Miss Pauline Matson, Miss Bull, Miss May Bull, Miss G. L. Lennox, Miss Katie Lindsay, Mr. D. M. Spink, Mr. and Miss Anderson, the Misses Watson, Mr. J. F. Deeks, Mr. O. C. Smith, Mr. C. H. Wilson, Mr. J. W. W. Evans, Mr. C. Smallpiece, Miss Smallpiece, Mr. W. Dawson, Mr. Edgar Lee, Mr. H. W. Slater, Mr. D. Gray, Mr. Will Ziller, Miss Beeton of Orillia, the Misses Thompson, Mr. Hal O'Hara, Mr. R. G. Galbraith, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Wm. Hyslop, Dr. J. S. and Miss McCullough, Mr. A. W. McCullough, Mr. R. Meek, Miss Preston, Mr. E. A. Begg, Mr. E. Forster, Mr. Owen A. Smily, Miss Bridgland, Miss Flo Benson, Mr. Fred and Miss Sanderson, Miss Billie Adams, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Parker, Miss Allen, Mr. D. J. Smith, Mr. Walter Colby, Mr. W. L. McFarlane, Mr. R. Perese, Miss McPherson, Miss F. McPherson, Mr. R. W. Campbell, Miss McMillan, Mr. W. J. Sorley, Mr. C. R. Peterkin, Mr. Fred Dean, Mr. Wm. Hallam, Mr. A. J. McLean, Mr. Wm. Wright, Mr. Geo. Lydiatt, Miss Pells, Mr. F. R. Abbs, Miss Jones, Mr. G. L. Lennox, Mr. T. W. Evans, the Misses Evans, Miss Rogers, Miss B. Rogers, Miss Brown, Miss Edith Parkinson, Mr. W. C. Blair, Mr. W. H. Hyslop, Mr. C. A. Smith, Mr. R. W. Campbell, Miss McMillen, Mr. W. E. McCamus, Mr. A. Elliot, Mr. W. A. Dixon, Mr. Christie, Mr. C. F. and Mrs. Piper, Mr. C. B. Baker, Mr. W. J. Williams, Mr. W. Parkinson and Miss Mary Parkinson, Miss L. Adams, Miss Quirk, Mr. W. S. Allen, Miss Morrison, Miss McLean, Dr. J. F. Dawson, Miss Jean Christie, Miss L. Pells, the Misses Lennox, Miss Jennie Thompson, Mr. Keiser, Mr. Jno. W. Eaton and others.

*

The Toronto Amateur Dramatic Club's performance of A Russian Honeymoon, at the Academy of Music, April 22 and 23, in aid of the Orphans' Home, will be under the patronage of their Excellencies Lord and Lady Stanley of Preston. The lady managers of the Home are putting forth strenuous efforts to make the performances a financial success. Rehearsals of the play are progressing most favorably, and it is to be hoped that the efforts of the amateurs may be rewarded by large audiences.

*

I am told of another marriage to take place very shortly, which will promote to the head of a house one of the most lovable and charming of our many attractive young ladies.

*

Mrs. D. Adair Doty, niece of the Honorable Mr. Justice Robertson, is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Maurice Buckley of Howard street.

*

My informant who supplied the item in last week's issue anent the proposed dance to be given by the Conservatory of Music was in error, as Mr. Fisher tells me there is no prospect of such an entertainment.

*

Mrs. Sherman E. Townsend of 32 Cecil street gave a dinner on Wednesday of last week. The guests were Rev. R. A. and Mrs. Bilkey, Mr. and Mrs. John Akers, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Maddison, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hilton, Mr. and Mrs. N. Humphrey of Hamilton. The table decorations were tasteful and elegant, being a *motif* in pink and green.

*

Among the many fashionable people who attended the performances of Miss Helen Barry

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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Our new goods just arrived in all the newest shades.

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New Suitings New Cloths New Tweeds

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Dress Fabrics in all the newest colorings and designs.

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WEDDING PRESENTS

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Further Fashions.

MANY millinery openings make the heart of La Mode weary, but the hats and bonnets of this spring are really worth tramping about to look at. Some very sweet hats are at Walker's, where a clever English milliner shows some modish and extremely becoming styles. For a handsome brunette there is a red straw with a broad brim, crowned with wheat ears and bows of rich red ribbon arranged in imitation of sun rays and suggestively named a "sunburst" bow. Under the turned-up back brim nestles a handsome knot of poppies. The whole confection is striking and to a certain style of brunette beauty would be utterly appropriate. Another pretty head gear was a soft little bonnet of gold tinsel *lisse* and gold ruching; pale gray wheat ears and long green ties adorned this Undine-looking structure. It was unmistakably a blonde bonnet, as the red hat was a brunette. My favorite among these bonnets was an openwork fancy straw, in ropes and knots and balls, which had the most natural bunch of cowslips and flag leaves you can imagine for garniture, and narrow black velvet strings. A *chaseau* of black Irish point lace had a ruche of tiny buttercups round the brim and a cluster of larger ones standing up behind with loops of buttercup ribbon and black velvet. These hats and bonnets are most reasonable in price.

•

In coats, jackets, cloaks and ulsters I was shown a very great variety. Several good ideas are illustrated in the new long ulsters. For instance, some of them have a cloak attached, of the mackintosh length, which can be worn as a separate garment, with a handsome hood which is likewise transferable. Another sensible notion is a sort of slit on the right side of the skirt, covered by handsome revers, through which my lady can slip her hand when she wishes to hold up her train. Those wretched Chappie coats are also on exhibition and, as I predicted, are meeting with great favor. But the coat which conquered me was a white cord Louis, with embroidered cream and white revers. These white cord, silk lined, and elegant Louis coats are going to be worn at garden parties, flower shows, and later spring receptions. They are lovely on a tall, slim woman, and are worn either with or without the French brocaded satin vests. The lines they are shaped on are all that is graceful and *svelte*, and the dame who wears a Louis coat and wears it well, will be a bonnie sight on fine afternoons.

•

The Carmencita parasol, another tribute to the dancing Spanish girl, has made its *debut*. It has frills that hang down, round the edges and inside the frame. When it's up it looks like a suggestion of fly-traps; when it's down, its bulk and ugliness are decidedly Sairey Gampey.

•

I saw some sweetly neat and well made gowns at Score's ladies' tailoring parlors one day lately. One of serge, with a tinsel thread woven through some of its stripes, was exquisitely shaped and put together. The color was a grayish-fawn, and the costume consisted of skirt, waistcoat and jacket. The waistcoat was of tan doeskin, and looked rather warm and heavy. It can, of course, be made of other goods. I don't think a beautifully finished suit like this is extravagant, when made to order, for thirty-five dollars. It will wear well and look well long after its less perfect sister suits are shabby rags.

•

They are also showing a fabric rather novel here, the Vicuna cloth. It is silk and camel's hair and wool, very soft, light and warm, and can be worn on either side. Any one who has worn a real tailor-made, silk-lined suit, however much she may have grumbled at the first cost, knows that her money gave large returns of comfort, style and durability, and has not a regret that she was tempted to invest.

•

Cotton velvet dress binding is a sensible thing; it doesn't rub the daintiest kid shoes shabby. It is sold by the yard, and is a bias band an inch wide, which is sewn on to project a trifle below, like a piping cord. A *balayeuse*, which is a pinked ruffle of silk four inches wide, is a satisfactory addition to the dress of to-day. It is often made of silk of a contrasting shade, which shows prettily as the train is held up.

•

Petticoats are made as close-fitting as possible, front and sides being gored, and in addition reduced by darts until they are almost glove-fitting. The back breadth is straight, and pleated to a narrow band. A drawing-string is placed eight or ten inches below the band. But the material is so elegant and the trimming so elaborate that were it not for the presence of the drawing-string, a petticoat might be supposed to be part of a beautiful costume. To cite a few examples, here is one of duchesse silk in stripes of plain green alternating with cream stripes broaded in pink. The lower edge is cut in very deep, narrow scallops, which rest on a deep flounce of black lace, set on so that the lower edge falls in scallops that rest against a pinked pleating of plain pink silk set underneath. Another similar to this is of wide striped gold and black silk, with the lower edge cut in wider, shallower scallops. Black lace set underneath comes out in pleats between the scallops, and below the lace is a mauve silk pleating. A petticoat of rose pink *moire* is bordered with a deep flounce of white lace set on in festooned scallops with a puffed heading, the lace resting on a pinked flounce of paler pink silk set beneath and projecting below. The same style is made in dull gold *moire* with white lace and pink silk; in violet *moire* with white lace and mauve silk; in willow green *moire* with white lace and coral pink silk. A petticoat of bright red satin is trimmed with three ruffles of black lace alternating with pleating of the red satin, the last row of lace falling on a red pleating. A mauve satin petticoat is bordered with a pleated ruffle of mauve silk *crepon*, surmounted by a gathered mauve satin ruffle, which in turn is surmounted by a white lace ruffle with a gathered heading, in which a mauve ribbon is run. Under petticoats are of white or palest pink, blue, or mauve China silk, with border and frill of embroidery, or else insertion and edging of fine Smyrna or Saxony lace. LA MODE.

Wellington's Ring in Pawn.

† A gentleman well known in business circles as a bold speculator, is one of the regular customers of a well known money lender in this city, and his usual pledge is a ring, which the proprietor offered to show the reporter.

The manager took the newspaper man to the outer room, and, opening a mammoth safe, pulled out drawer after drawer full of jewelry, watches, chains, earrings, and the thousand and one varieties of the jeweller's art, each with a tag attached and a number corresponding with the number opposite the name of the owner in the big book kept for that purpose. After selecting a little box the manager resumed his seat, and said:

"This ring has a history, and a romantic one. It has been pledged numberless times, and the owner would not sell it for any price on account of its history, which he has related to me minutely several times, and which I know to be authentic in every particular. I can give names, except in later generations, just as he has told me.

"Charles Carroll of Carrollton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, had two beautiful daughters, who went to England in 1794. One married the Duke of Leeds and the other Richard Wellesley, brother of Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards the Duke of Wellington. At the marriage of the latter, which took place in the castle of Dublin, the bride received this ring from Sir Arthur Wellesley.

"You will see the two figures, painted by Nomar, a celebrated miniature painter of that date, are beautiful in design and execution, and the manner of the setting of the pearls and rubies, to the eye of the connoisseur proves it to be genuine without doubt. This ring was worn at Brussels the night before the battle of Waterloo at the party described in the well known poem of Byron, beginning:

There was a sound of revelry by night.

"To make a long story short, the ring descended, generally by will, through different members of the Carroll family until it came into the present owner's hands by gift from Letitia, the last of the Carrolls, now Mother Superior of a convent in Baltimore."

Think of the bright eyes which have gazed upon this beautiful ring.

All the people living at the time this ring was given to the beautiful bride in Dublin Castle, are no more. All the great armies of Wellington and all those mighty hosts which followed the war drums of his foe, the great Napoleon, have gone to the great beyond, while this bauble, just as bright, the colors of the paintings just as clear as ever, now repose in the safe of a Boston money-lender. From the Duke of Wellington to a pawnshop, does this not furnish food for thought?—*Boston Herald.*

His Cabinet

Herr Studel.—Der tone ohf der inadrumend vos not so goot, but *mein* tone vas vay oop.

That Hat Again.

He—How happy I shall be sitting beside you tonight.

She—Indeed?

He—Yes, so much happier than if I sat behind you.

All He Did

An American lady visiting Paris was continually interested in the smart little boys, in white caps and aprons, who deliver the wares of the pastry cooks. One day she said to one of these boys, who had brought her some cakes:

"Ah. I suppose you get the benefit of one of these cakes yourself sometimes."

"What do you mean, madame?"

"You eat a cake now and then?"

"Eat them? Oh, no, madame, that wouldn't do. I only lick 'em as I come along!"

Mr. Herbert E. Simpson, successor to the late firm of Notman & Fraser, has removed from 41 King street east, to the beautiful new premises, 143 College street.

CHOICE ROSES, CHOICE ROSES

AND ALL KINDS OF SPRING FLOWERS

SUCH AS

Lily of the Valley, Violets, Daffodils, Hyacinths, Carnations, Etc.

FOR THE

EASTER HOLIDAYS

Send your orders; we can fill them all.

Try and arrange to see our conservatory of Pot Plants at the Exhibition. A visit will convince you that we have the choicest stock in the city.

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We respectfully invite your attention to a new and choice selection of

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Pattern Bonnets, Hats and Toques

Also Parisian Novelties in

Veilings, Trimmings, Etc.

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S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

THAT duck of a bonnet is certainly found in the styles of this season.

Millinery.

Crowns are all curiously small, and you'll be strangely struck when you first examine the millinery stock.

Millinery.

Brims are in the open-work straw pattern, and are the most novel for many years.

Millinery.

Flowers are to the forward for trimmings in both hats and bonnets; almost a perfect flower garden, and yet with good taste, in the hands of an expert milliner, ribbons and laces are combined with them in an artistic manner.

Millinery.

Here are some of the popular colors of the season—gray, brown, the new grasshopper green, pearl, tan, ecru.

Millinery.

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S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. | Entrance Yonge Street. Entrance Queen Street.

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NEW SHOW ROOMS

Will be opened with a display of

Millinery and Mantles

We shall also show our choice importations of Pattern Dresses, Delaines, Tweeds, Serges and many choice lines of Dress Goods. Don't fail to come

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We are now showing all the latest designs in French, English and American Patterns for

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Also a great variety of Millinery Novelties, Veilings, &c.

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ARTISTIC HEALTH CORSETS

THE ROYAL DRESS REFORM

Empress Princess

Duchess Superb

Abdominal and other Corsets and Waists in Great Variety

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Herbal Toilet Soap

The *Canadian Pharmaceutical Journal* of December 1 says: "Madame Ireland's soap, which is now being introduced in Canada, possesses all the characteristics of a perfect non-irritating detergent. It possesses special medicinal properties which render it very useful in some cutaneous affections. It is offered exclusively through the drug trade.

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AND

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Are now prepared to show all the latest novelties in

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Our goods are the finest, and prices are the lowest.

Our orders in both Millinery, Mantles and Costumes are designed with good taste and fine finish.

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GOWNS

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Moderate Prices.

Just arrived per S. S. France from London, some of the Latest Novelties.

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Evening Dresses and Riding Habits

Dresses Cut and Fitted

CORSETS TO ORDER

ANY STYLE.

E. J. CHUBB, 256½ Yonge Street, south of Trinity Square.

MISS PATON has a beautiful assortment of the latest Paris styles for early spring wear, and is receiving some elegant models for street costumes. Ladies will find a variety to meet every occasion, and good fit and work guaranteed.

Rooms, Golden Lion, R. Walker & Sons, 35 King Street East

MISS PAYNTER

Is now showing the finest assortment of

Trimmed Millinery

To be had in the city. Also a choice selection of Laces and Veilings

The attention of the ladies is called to our Dressmaking Department.

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Bingham Prints Invitations

For Weddings, Parties, Etc.

Good

38 Adelaide St. West

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WHO IS THE LADY

WITH THE

Flower-Like Complexion

Delicate, Velvety, Babyish and Natural, with the bloom of the peach and softness of cream?

It is she who regularly uses

Mrs. Gervaise Graham's Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream

This cream is not a cosmetic in the ordinary sense of the word, but a permanent beautifier. Price $1.00 for large bottle.

EYE BROW STIMULANT

is the only preparation that will make the eye brows and lashes grow long, glossy, soft and luxuriant without doing the least injury. Price 50c. Sent by mail upon receipt of price.

Send stamp for booklet, "How to be Beautiful."

Face Steaming and Massage, Manicuring, treatments for Corpulency, etc.

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STANDARD DRESS BONES

The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

Ask for Them

They are the Best

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SEND 10 CENTS FOR SAMPLE

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GET YOUR HATS BLOCKED AT

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said Old Auchises, when he arrived at Mimico, are the Prices that Rule at

George McPherson's Great Alteration Shoe Sale

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Wigs, Bangs, Water Curled and Wavy Fronts

or other suitable coverings.

DORENWEND

has the largest and most select stock to choose from in Canada, at prices to suit the times.

A. DORENWEND

Paris Hair Works, 105 Yonge Street

CONSTANCE.

By F. C. PHILIPS,

Author of "The Dean and His Daughter," "As in a Looking Glass," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

"MY DEAREST CONSTANCE,—I have refrained from writing, although you did not forbid me to do so, wishing to leave you absolutely free and unbiased in your decision. You hold my future in your hands—I ask no word of love. If you could see into my heart you would know how wholly and absolutely it is yours. Dear—tell me, may I come and take my answer from your lips? I shall be at the Metropole on Thursday week.

"Until then, yours devotedly,

BASIL ST. QUENTIN."

Mrs. Armitage's hand trembled as she laid this letter aside, and a faint rose stained her cheek.

"She is really growing very lovely," Miss Baillie reflected, "and she looks so much younger than she used to do, and no longer so anxious and careworn." And then Emily carried Eva off to the school-room, and Mrs. Armitage was left to her musings.

Tuesday! And this was already Tuesday. Before that day was over Miss Baillie awakened to another fact connected with Constance that had not struck her disagreeably before. Mrs. Armitage was nervous.

She, the least emotional of women, narrowly escaped a genuine attack of hysterics on being an absurdly trifling affair to make a fuss over.

Eva had surreptitiously carried her ball into the drawing-room, and thrown a quaint shaped vase from the bracket where it stood to the ground, and it lay dashed in a hundred pieces on the hearthrug. Eva was the picture of consternation and remorse, knowing full well that she was prohibited from any such games be'ow stairs.

When Constance, startled by the crash, ran hastily in, she flew to her and buried her face in her gown.

And then it was that glancing at the empty bracket and the wreck at her feet, Mrs. Armitage burst into tears, sobbing and laughing alternately.

"How foolish!" she said at length, as she dried her eyes. "I was startled, and—" the tears burst forth anew. "To-day of all days," Miss Baillie heard her murmur to herself, though why to-day should differ from yesterday or the one before that she would have been puzzled to decide.

That vase had been given to Constance by Basil St. Quentin and it is needless to say that she prized it highly. It was almost the only thing he had ever given her, and although she was not a superstitious woman as a rule, she could not but regard this accident in the light of an ill-omen.

But the days wore away and nothing calamitous happened, and when the morning of the 10th of April dawned, it found her almost childishly happy and expectant. She would not trust herself to write more than a line.

"I shall be home to-night at seven. Come."

That was all. It did not tell him how much, and yet—"He will know, he must know what my answer is," she thought wistfully, and she carefully sealed the envelope, and despatched it by a messenger lad to the Metropole.

An answer? No—there would be none! A smile rippled over her face. She was so insanely happy. It seemed as if only now had she realized how supremely blessed a woman's life might be, brim full of hope and contentment. And then she went softly upstairs to shut herself in her own room and was seen no more. Eva and her governess dined alone.

Mrs. Armitage was expecting visitors, Miss Baillie learned a little to her surprise, and there would be a late dinner.

Emily would not have scrupled to press her enquiries, but that she shrewdly suspected there was no more to be learned, and that the servants were as much in the dark as she herself, as to the identity of the expected guest. But when, about a quarter to seven, or perhaps a little earlier, she met Mrs. Armitage on the stairs, it must be confessed she experienced a prodigious shock. Constance was calmly fastening a pearl bracelet that had dropped apart, and she was dressed from the crown head to foot, she who had worn the sable garb of widowhood so long—in dainty silk and lace, with a bud or two of sweet-smelling narcissus in her bosom. Her luxuriant hair, no longer hidden by the envious cap, was coiled loosely on the top of her head, and hung prettily upon her brow. But it was not only her dress that astonished the governess, it was the extraordinary, undeniable change that had taken place. Her eyes were humid and starry, a delicate rose burnt on her cheek. She was the incarnation of loveliness and joy. She smiled at Emily as she passed—a little consciously perhaps, but with a certain pride.

"Who is the man?" asked Emily, when she found herself alone. "Who has warmed the icicle into life and beauty? I must find out who the visitor is whom madam delights to honor." She had not long to wait.

When the front door bell rang loudly, and steps—the heavy footfall of a man—came up the stairs to the drawing-room, Constance put her hand to her side, her heart beat so thick and fast it was positive pain. And when the door opened the color faded from her face—it was Lord Hardstock who advanced to greet her.

Was ever anything so annoying? What could have brought him here at *so mal à propos* a moment? And how was she to get rid of him? While these thoughts were passing through her mind, his lordship, almost as amazed as Miss Baillie had been at the brilliant apparition that met his gaze, was apologizing for this late visit.

"I ought to have been here more than an hour ago, but am ashamed to confess that I wasted the best part of the afternoon over billiards. What I ran up to see you about is this: I have a box at the Garrick for to-morrow night. Will you go if I can persuade Mrs. Strangways to accompany us?"

"Thank you, it would be quite impossible." Constance was on tenter hooks. At any moment St. Quentin might arrive.

"You are going out?" said his lordship, tentatively. Constance grasped at the excuse.

"I am," she said breathlessly, and to tell you the truth I am late."

"Ah!" He rose at once. "Then I will say good-night. I hope you will reconsider your decision about the Garrick. I believe there is rather a good play there just now, and—" He was devouring her with glances of the warmest admiration.

"You are surprised that my time of mourning should have expired?" she said with a faint laugh.

"No," he answered. "If I had my will, you should never have put on widow's weeds for such a man as Cyril Armitage. He was never worthy of you, Constance."

Before she could reply a double rat-tat resounded through the house, and she too late. The man would meet. Constance could almost have wept. Instinctively her eyes sought the door.

"A telegram, madam."

With a sigh of relief she tore it open, read the few words it contained, and sank back, quivering in every limb.

"What has happened?" Without waiting for permission, Lord Hardstock took the flimsy paper from between her fingers and possessed himself of its contents.

"From Mrs. Armitage. Les Trois Princes, Amiens. Come to me at once. I dare not return to Paris. Daphne."

"I must start at once." In a dazed bewildered fashion, Constance pushed the hair from her brow and looked up appealingly into Lord Hardstock's face.

"You are not seriously thinking of going to-night!"

"I must. God only knows what folly that poor child has been guilty of, and if I am to catch the mail there is no time to be lost. Do not let me detain you."

Lord Hardstock took the slender hand she extended and pressed it warmly.

"If you are determined, I shall go with you," he said, and she made no demur. When the door had closed upon her he quietly put the telegram into his pocket and went down to the dining-room.

The moment he pushed open the door the mystery of the dainty apparel explained itself. Mrs. Armitage was not dining out, as she would have to appear, but was entertaining *chez-elle*.

Ah! ha! His lordship promptly rang the bell.

"Get me a glass of sherry, will you?" he said to Phœbe, who answered his summons, "and then call a cab at once."

"But—" the girl gasped.

"Yes, yes, I know." He seized the decanter and poured out a tumblerful. "Do as you are bid, and don't wait to ask questions. Give me pen and paper."

He then scribbled a few lines, which he folded and handed to the astonished maid, deftly securing it with a gold coin.

"Give that to Miss Baillie after we are gone," he said, almost in a whisper, for he could hear Constance on the stairs.

She came in, very pale, her traveling cloak about her shoulders, and a small bag in her hand. At the door she paused and would have retreated.

"Eva," she said. "I have forgotten her. I cannot go without bidding her good-bye."

"Nonsense. You will lose the train. Come, Constance."

She never noticed that he used her Christian name, but Phœbe did. She had hailed a handsom, and stood open-mouthed, drinking in every word.

"Tell Miss Baillie I will write," said Constance, in desperation. In another minute they were gone.

Eva was putting her toys away and wondering very much why her governess did not come to the nursery, for it was her bedtime, and for once she was feeling sleepy and tired. Miss Baillie had been some a long time.

"Aren't you in bed, my dear?" It was Phœbe's voice at the door.

"No," said Eva in a tone of resignation, "I'm waiting patiently."

"Bless the child." Phœbe advanced into the room. "It's a shame to leave you alone. She's read her letter a score of times by now I well, she'll have to come down!" and she forthwith marched up to Miss Baillie's door and knocked loudly.

"What do you want?" The voice was muffled.

"A gentleman in the drawing room, miss, as says he must see someone right away."

A pause, and then, "Who is it?"

"Mr. St. Quentin is the gentleman's name, I believe, but I left his card in the hall."

"I will be down in a minute."

There was a sound of water splashing, and a minute or two later the key turned in the door. Miss Baillie had gone down to interview Mrs. Armitage's lover.

Her eyes were red and swollen and her face distorted with passionate weeping, and in the bosom of her gown lay crumpled Rupert Hardstock's cruel letter.

"It is kinder to tell you the truth, Emily, and I do so in a few words. Mrs. Armitage has left London with me to-night. We shall be married in Paris."

"You wished to see me?"

"No, madam, I wish to see Mrs. Armitage, but I am told she is from home—has been summoned abroad."

"Mrs. Armitage has eloped with Lord Hardstock."

"What! My God, what are you saying? It is a lie!"

"It is the truth. He was my lover, and she has taken him from me." The dreary pathos in her tone brought conviction to him, and he grasped the back of a chair to steady himself, for, strong man though he was, his brain reeled.

"There is—there must be—some hideous mistake."

"None. He came here less than an hour ago and she went with him of her own free will. The servants will corroborate what I say. She left a message for me—none for her child."

"If a message came down from heaven to persuade me I would not believe."

"Convince yourself. They catch the eight o'clock train. You will have time to get to Charing Cross."

He was down the stairs and out of the house almost before she had ceased speaking.

"I wish I could kill her!" It would have fared ill with Constance Armitage if she had been within reach of the clenched hand. With a moan of despair Emily flung herself face downwards on the couch.

"Ah! fool that I have been!" she cried. "Fool! fool! to think that a man would care to purchase what he might take for the asking. But I gave him my all, my love, my life, myself, and he has shaken me off like a contemptuous animal—spurned me—deserted and left me to die; but I will live—live to be avenged."

Basil St. Quentin was just in time to see Lord Hardstock jump into the train, and to catch a glimpse of a pale sweet face at the window—the face of Constance Armitage.

"Then it was true! True!

She had fooled him to the top of his bent, and was now laughing at him!

"Well, I have her answer," he muttered, between his teeth. "She promised it to me to-night, and—she has kept her word."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Daphne's angelic state of mind still continued. Not even in the first days of the honeymoon had she been so docile and submissive. Gerald Armitage felt that some good fairy must have waved her wand over the curly head and transformed her into a model wife, and was grateful accordingly.

It did not occur to him that she paid a good many visits to Madame Hortense, but he was not a man to grudge a few pounds over a woman's whims, and if it pleased his little wife to be extravagant in the matter of gowns he would not say her nay. So Daphne went her reckless way, and her luckless husband was in happy ignorance of the treachery that lurked beneath that smiling exterior. When business called him to Bordeaux he went without the slightest misgiving. He would be away two days at least, and he could trust his darling.

"If you wish it, I will not go out at all," said she, with her arms around his neck and her dimpled cheek laid close to his.

"No," he would neither ask nor expect that of her. She knew what his wishes were and all he asked was that she would regard them. He kissed the blooming face and left her with a light heart.

Perhaps a little feeling of compunction kept her indoors all that day. Even to her dwarfed sense of honor it seemed a mean and contemptible thing to deceive the man who trusted her so implicitly, but the next morning all such scruples had taken to themselves wings. She remembered only that she was free, her jailer away, and that it would be very pleasant to see Raoul de Maupas. But she must act with the utmost discretion. A visit to Hortense resulted in a note to Madame which that lady received between three and four o'clock. She twisted it impatiently between her fingers, uncertain how to act, for her brother-in-law had gone out and would not be in until much later. At last she put on her hat and went round to Hortense.

Daphne was still there and her face fell considerably when she saw her friend. Where was Raoul?

"Oh, my dear child, luck is against you." And Madame de Maupas explained matters.

Daphne could have cried, she felt so disappointed.

"I don't know when I shall have such a chance again," she pouted. "Gerald never, never goes away."

"Ah! I have it; you shall come with me. He will be back soon; you can have one little glimpse of each other."

It was difficult to say why Madame de Maupas encouraged this flirtation. I believe that it was more from sheer lazy good nature than anything else, for she was not bad-hearted and Raoul had enlisted all her sympathies. It must always be remembered that to a Frenchman an intrigue with a married woman is an everyday affair, and if Raoul had a caprice for another man's wife it was nothing surprising and, indeed, only what one might expect, considering the disparity in years between Daphne and her husband.

But Angele looked at matters from a wholly different point of view. Raoul was very dear to her, and until Daphne came between them she had fondly hoped that he would ask her to be his wife. In a hundred ways he had shown his preference for her, but now:

"I doubt if he even knows I am there," she told herself, bitterly. Angele had left her *première jeunesse* behind. Her glass told her that she was faded, fine lines were tracing themselves about the corners of her eyes. Then, too, she was not clever, in fact she had nothing to recommend her beyond a surface wit and power of repartee, and her temper which once was of the sunniest, I am bound to confess, had become uncertain, sometimes sour. Angele was verging on old maidism, and the prospect daunted her.

"If it were not for that doll-faced chit all would be well," she muttered fiercely. "What right has she to force herself between him and me?" The only one I ever had," she might have added, but in such matters women are reticent even to their own hearts. Angele tried to persuade herself that she was irresistible, and fondly recalled the honeyed words and pleasant little attentions Raoul had been wont to pay her in the halcyon past. She felt so helpless, in no way might she hope to remedy the evil. She was too wise to speak slightingly of Daphne; that would but have betrayed her jealous feelings and provoked mirth on the part of her sister, and she was a little in awe of Madame, who could be aggravatingly sympathetic on occasion. More than once she had bemoaned the lack of suitors for Angele's hand, and then that young lady had tartly replied for her part she was in no great hurry to be married, she had smiled benevolently, adding:

"My dearest Angele, every woman wishes for an establishment of her own, even if she is not anxious for a husband, and in your case it is unfortunately not a question of option, but necessity, since you have no dot."

"And if I had, I would have the spending of it myself," Angele retorted, "and snap my fingers at men."

"But as you have not, don't you think it would be wiser to cultivate a more amiable spirit, dear?

Angele had bounced out of the room in a fury, and she never forgot nor forgave her sister for her plain speaking. She thought it a gratuitous piece of unkindness on Madame's part to encourage Raoul in his silly flirtation with Mrs. Armitage, and in her heart of hearts vowed that retribution should come to all three.

And it was about this time that fate played into her hand. Madame de Maupas' visits to Hortense first attracted her attention. What did she go there for?

No to order new gowns, for her prices were far beyond their modest means. She offered to accompany her sister but Felicie promptly declined. There, by chance she was discovered that she met Daphne there, and was determined to probe the mystery to the bottom.

"We never see Mrs. Armitage now," she said, feeling her way; "are they not returned?"

Raoul, who was present, looked up from his book.

"Weeks ago!" he replied curtly, dropping his eyes again.

"How! we then been so unfortunate as to offend her, or is she ill?"

"Neither I believe."

"Are you the culprit, Raoul!" she then asked, shaking her finger rebukingly at him.

"Have your eyes told too flattering a tale and scared the pretty bird?"

"It pleases Mademoiselle Clairette to be enigmatical" was Raoul's sole rejoinder to this pleasantry. A minute later he quitted the room. Felicie turned sharply to her sister.

"What possessed you to bring Mrs. Armitage's name on the tapis?" she cried. "Have you no brains that you cannot see it is a sore subject?"

"Why should it be?" Angele settled herself comfortably in her chair and joined the tips of her slender fingers together. She loved an argument. "What has she to do with us?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Then where is the harm in mentioning her? You and she were such dear friends before she went to Monte Carlo, that I may surely be pardoned for wondering what has chanced to part you."

Felicie was silent. She did not care to enlighten Angele. In her own mind she thought that Raoul was making a fool of herself, for she felt convinced that Raoul de Maupas had not the faintest intention of marrying her, and, all things considered, she preferred that Angele should remain single. He was an agreeable companion, and a man about the house was always an acquisition, and his income made a considerable difference to their expenses. He was generous, even lavish where he felt his wishes were studied.

"My dear girl, for some reason known only to yourself, you do not like Mrs. Armitage," she replied evasively.

"Now, Felicie, you don't intend to infer that that is the reason her visits here have ceased. I am scarcely likely to believe that. Have you seen her at all since her return?"

"Yes, I have."

"Oh, you have called upon her?"

"No, I met her accidentally."

Angele asked no more questions. She saw very plainly that she was to be kept in the dark, and deeply resented it. But she would not be easily satisfied, she would watch and wait. A letter came by hand for madame one morning, bearing Madame Hortense's seal upon the envelope, and without giving herself time for reflection she tore it open and rapidly mastered its contents.

"At four this afternoon." It was not even signed. A few minutes later Felicie came into the room and walked straight up to the mantelshelf.

"Is there not a letter for me?" she asked, seeing nothing there.

"I am so sorry, Felicie," replied Angele calmly. "A bill or something of the sort came half an hour ago. I was busy with old letters and papers and destroying them, and I believe it must have got mixed up with them and is burned. It could not have been of any consequence—it was only from Hortense. Trust her to send it in again soon enough."

Felicie bit her lip. "It is not like you to be so careless," she said sharply. But she had not the faintest suspicion of the truth. As it chanced, she had met Madame Hortense in the street and learned that a letter had been sent to her, and that an appointment was made for four o'clock. A good deal to Angele's surprise, her sister proclaimed her intention of remaining at home that afternoon. It was strange. But what was stranger still, at half-past three Raoul came in, so tired, he declared he could not move another step, whereupon Felicie beckoned him into the inner *salon*, and after a whispered word or two, he ran blithely upstairs and must speedily have overcome his fatigue, for within ten minutes Angele heard the outer door shut. He had gone out.

The appointment then, was with him. Oh,

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FOR THE TEETH & BREATH TEABERRY.

A Texas Story.

(Written for Saturday Night by Wm. A. Laughlin.)

It is Saturday in Albury, one of the rising towns of Texas. The town consists of a few weather-beaten houses, some shanties, a few stores and two saloons. The bright sun has poured forth his warmest rays and his glinting beams are reflected from the tin roofs. Even the white sandy road seems to be a bed of molten steel.

High up in the tower of the old moss-covered church, which the winds and storms of many years have beaten against, hangs the village bell. How many times it has rung in merriment and rejoicing, in sadness and mourning.

Riding along the road to Albury, a tall erect horseman listens to the tones of this bell as it sounds on the calm air. It is a calm, beautiful evening and his heart is filled with solemn gratitude to the Great Giver. The rider is Charlie Leavenworth, owner of a large ranch a few miles up the country; he is tall, manly, and seems to be at peace with all men.

What means this crowd before the leading saloon? He rides forward, dismounts and pushing aside the rude stockmen he sees a young man hopelessly drunk. As his hat is crushed from off his brow, an ample forehead is revealed and the face arrests one's attention and tells the old story "of better days gone by." Charlie observes him for a few minutes, then rushes in and says, as he clasps his hand, "Why, Fred." He takes his arm and leads him forth, answering the solicitous enquiries of the eager gazers by the words, "a friend of mine."

He leads his friend to an inner room in the saloon and places him quietly on a sofa; he then retires to look after his horse. He muses as he works, "Who would ever have thought of seeing Fred Morton here and in such a condition? Fred the refined young friend of mine!" They have been comrades both in former years, having lived in Toronto, pursuing their university career together until Charlie left for Texas to manage his father's ranch.

Charlie returns to the saloon, procures an extra horse and seating his friend on horseback, together they ride homewards in silence. In silence! No! Just while twilight is stealing o'er the town, the bell's mellow tones come floating down and thrill their hearts, wandering in and out, till they grow faint and low like the sweet music of an Æolian harp. They ride on, each waiting for the other, to break the silence. Fred's heart is too full and he breaks forth:

"Charlie, you see what a wreck is before you and what has caused it? Drink. My father's terrible death should have been a warning to me, but it was not. When you left college I got in with a fast lot, gambled, drank, did everything bad, and barely passed for my degree. My mother—God bless her—always approved me in her quiet loving way and prayers without number did she offer for her wayward boy. Then my cousin Alma. To have had her love should have kept me right, yet it did not. Our engagement was broken off and her last words to me were, 'Farewell Fred, I can never love any one else.' I remember so well the Sunday I staggered into church to our old family pew and sat beside my patient mother. I began to talk loudly as the preacher's words rang into my care 'Though your sins be as scarlet.' The parson ceased his discourse, mother took my arm and down the aisle we went and out of church. It breaks my heart to think of it. When I recovered I remember kissing mother's cheek as I did in younger days. I bade her farewell and told her I had resolved to go to Texas, to carve for myself a fortune, to live a godly, a righteous and a sober life. Should I be unsuccessful she would see me no more. I left her weeping and as I closed the little wicker gate her cries of 'Fred—Fred—come back' rang into my soul.

"True to my word I left Toronto and went to Texas, secured a position as teacher, left that. Then I hired as book-keeper in a wholesale house. Soon I left it. Next I hired as overseer on a ranch. During all this time I had not tasted a drop. Soon the utter hopelessness of my life began to dawn upon me. I flew to drink and for a month past have scarcely drawn a sober breath. Thus it is that the wretched Fred stands before his old friend Charlie Leavenworth."

Their journey was at an end. The friends dismounted and turned the horses into a field of rich native grass. They walked to the fine home of the Leavenworth family, of whom now only Charlie remained. Supper was eaten and both retired to rest. Both were up at early dawn, took a long walk and had a bath in the cool murmuring river. They returned home with a good appetite for breakfast. As they ate they talked of former days in the good old "Queen City," when they imagined life a dream, the longer the better, so they thought.

"Charlie, do you remember when you fell from the old elm in the park, and how I carried you home on my back?"

"Yes.

"Do you remember when we played in the match with such vim that the honors rested between us?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember, Fred, when mother gave you the little bible and said good-bye?"

"Yes, Charlie, your mother always liked me."

"Well, Fred, we have always been comrades and whilst I go through this life's journey, for the only time, my aid should be to rescue a fallen brother. Say! old fellow, stay with me on the ranch; it is worth eight hundred a year for a start. What do you say?"

For answer Fred grasped his hand and next morning they started for work.

The absence from temptation, the change of work all had a good effect on Fred. He was the first up in the morning and to his lot fell the dangerous work as he possessed a steady nerve. He, too, became a favorite with all by his sonnets, his descriptive talk and his kindness to all. When he rescued Miss Marston from drowning his fame was at its height. For miles around he was the children's favorite. He was earnest in his work and well did he earn his eight hundred a year.

Often when his work was done Fred would sit on the veranda and watch the sun as it sank in the far west. As the sun sank so hope seemed to sink from his soul. He became melancholy and longed for home.

One evening as he sat in the calm twilight Charlie took a seat at his side. They sat in silence till Charlie spoke.

"Do you ever write home, Fred?"

"No.

"Take my advice and write. Write to Alma and your mother. Tell them of your struggle to do right and thus ease their troubled hearts."

Next day Fred wrote two letters and told his mother of his resolve to live a better life, to shun the cup, and of his old companion Fred's kindness. Charlie, too, wrote a letter to Fred's mother and told her of her son's manly struggle to walk in the narrow way.

Side by side the letters traveled to Toronto, but it happened that Mrs. Morton and Alma were on a trip to Europe. Whilst in Europe Alma fell ill and thus delayed their return home, which was after some months. On their return the ladies eagerly read of the absent one and shed tears of joy for him who was lost and was now found.

Every day Fred went to the postoffice, but the gruff old postmaster gave a surly "No letters." Thus it went on for some months, till Fred gave up all hopes. He thought of his loving mother, of the gentle Alma, whose homes were closed to him evermore. Charlie encouraged him, whilst at heart he wondered if Fred's mother had forsaken her wayward boy. He resolved to watch and wait, and to encourage Fred to do the same.

One day a few weeks later Charlie was up at early dawn, as he had to journey to Austin to transact some business. Fred was too ill to go. Before going Charlie sent the negro boy to the office for the mail, bade Fred cheer up till he came back, and away he went.

After some delay the negro boy returned to the house. He was met by the haggard Fred, who had been eagerly waiting. To his question the negro boy answered, "No letters, massa," and disappeared. For some minutes Fred sat in the chair with his face buried in his hands. He arose, penned a note, and left the room.

Soon after Charlie Leavenworth returned home from his trip and ran into Fred's room full of good news.

"Jolly good success Fred. Sold all the cattle. You will now be partner in the ranch and—" His eye had caught Fred's note. Eagerly he opened it and read:

"DEAR OLD CHUM,—The answer is ever the same. Surely life is dark and sad and hope has forsaken me. I am an outcast. Thanks, old fellow, for befriending a waif. I am tired of life and will drown myself.

"FRED."

Charlie saddled his horse and swiftly sped to the darkly flowing river. He soon found Fred's hat and coat on the bank and a mile or so down he found Fred's body caught in a snag. Tenderly he carried the body from its watery grave to the old house and laid it in Fred's own room.

The next day a messenger returned with two letters, both for Fred. They were from Alma and his mother. The letters had been delayed and had only arrived that day. What were their contents? Only those who know a woman's love and a mother's tender sympathy can answer. Charlie placed them on Fred's breast and they were buried with him under the shade of a big tree, whose branches seemed to sing in their moanings this tale of a wasted life.

The days faded away. It is night and then day again. Hark! What sound was that? What has so changed the tones of the old bell? Last night it was ringing in loud rejoicing; to-day it is slowly tolling, like great, deep, half-suppressed sobs. What a dreamy sadness steals over us as we listen to its muffled sounds. Another friend has passed away. The form once so full of life and gaiety is now cold and still in death; and now the setting sun casts a golden-warm and mellow light on a mossy grave, on whose headstone are the words:

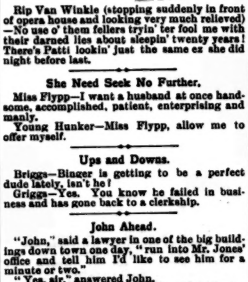
FREDERICK. MORTON,
aged twenty-one.

Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us.

Her Ladyship.

Personages of high rank in England are patrons of a great remedy. "Bridgefoot House, Iver, Bucks, Eng. Lady Edwards has suffered from rheumatism for several years, especially in the knees. She was persuaded to buy St. Jacobs Oil, and after a fortnight's use of it all the rheumatic pains have left her. The relief is such that Lady Edwards will never be without a bottle."

The Years Bring No Changes Here!



Rip Van Winkle (stopping suddenly in front of opera house and looking very much relieved) —No use o' them fellers tryin' ter fool me with their darned lies about sleepin' twenty years! There's Patti lookin' just the same ez she did night before last.

She Need Seek No Further.

Miss Flypp—I want a husband at once handsome, accomplished, patient, enterprising and manly.

Young Hunker—Miss Flypp, allow me to offer myself.

Ups and Downs.

Briggs—Binger is getting to be a perfect dude lately, isn't he?

Griggs—Yes. You know he failed in business and has gone back to a clerkship.

John Ahead.

"John," said a lawyer in one of the big buildings down town one day, "run into Mr. Jones' office and tell him I'd like to see him for a minute or two."

"Yes, sir," answered John.

Mr. Jones' office adjoined that of the lawyer. Indeed, Mr. Jones' desk and that of the lawyer's were within ten feet of each other, and if the wall that separated them hadn't been so thick, and if the lawyer hadn't been so dignified, he might himself, by shouting, have informed Mr. Jones that he wanted to see him.

Now, it wouldn't have taken John more than a quarter of a minute to go to Mr. Jones' office and the journey would not have fatigued him. But the office telephone was still nearer. So John called up and had Central give him Mr. Jones' office, and when he got Mr. Jones' office Mr. Jones happened to answer the call, and John told Mr. Jones that Mr. Robinson, the lawyer, wished to see him.

"What Mr. Robinson?" asked Mr. Jones.

"The next door Mr. Robinson," answered John.

He went into Mr. Robinson's office.

"That's a very lazy boy of yours, Robinson," he said.

"No, he isn't," said the lawyer.

"Yes, he is," said Mr. Jones.

"Why do you say so?" asked the lawyer.

"Because," answered Mr. Jones, "when you told him you wanted to see me he called me up by telephone instead of walking thirty steps to my office."

"That isn't laziness," said the lawyer, "it's genius. I'll raise John's salary."

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THE BEST TONIC
known, furnishing sustenance to both brain and body.

A Tale of The Sea.

I was at the helm of the schooner Mary E. Scudder, three days out from New York, bound for Portland with coal.

It was a wild, black night. We were heading north-by-east into the almost into the teeth of the strong gale that played Comrades through the straining weather braces and tossed the heavy spray over the slippery decks.

The captain was below looking at the glass, whose contents were falling rapidly.

Suddenly the look-out on the bow called out an excited command: "Hard-a-port, there! Hard-a-port for yer life!"

I hurriedly obeyed the order, and the boat eased off until the full force of the forty-knot breeze struck her with terrific violence. As she heeled over until her topsail yards skimmed the crests of the highest waves, a dark object shot rapidly past us.

"What was that?" I shouted to the captain, who had rushed on deck. "He didn't have his light out."

"No, I guess not; that was a whale," returned the skipper.

"A whale!" I exclaimed.

"I guess by his course he is heading for New Bedford to take advantage of the rise in sperm oil. Ah, I can remember when whales was plenty on the Maine coast; as thick as the paint on the face of a Bowery chorus girl, but they're all gone now."

"What has become of them?" I asked.

"They've been driven away, sir; driven away every one of them by those infernal prohibitory laws."

And then the sturdy, truthful old seaman went below and looked at the glass again.

A Hoosier Courtship.

ACT I.

Hoosier—Your mother has this here grips; and I'm tired of drivin' through the mud lookin' for a hired girl. There ain't no helps to be had! Marry a good strong girl, and I will deed you the farm.

Hosea—How about Betsey Bump?

Hoosier—I've heard tell of her good cookin'.

ACT II.

Betsey—But, Hosey, darling; are you sure you love me?

Hosea—Love you, Betsey? Why, I can not live without you!

Betsey—Then let's get married right away, Hosey.

Hosea—The sooner the better, my own treasure. How would to-morrow do? To-morrow morning?

Betsey—All right. Pa says I must marry or work out.

Not Anxious.

Rich Old Person—What do you want a wife for, when you can hardly support yourself? Why, sir, my daughter would starve!

Saookins (with great dignity)—Well, sir, if you are the kind of man to let your daughter and her husband starve, I don't wish to enter the family.

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

ONE CHANCE ONLY

Well, I have done all I can and I think he is over the worst stages of the disease, BUT, said the DOCTOR, you know the greatest danger comes from the weak condition in which La Grip has left him. However, there is ONE CHANCE MORE, try **ALE AND BEEF PEPTONIZED.** It is a wonderful, stimulating, nutritive Tonic and Food and has never failed me yet. Send around quick; it can be got at any DRUG STORE.

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AYER'S Sarsaparilla as a blood medicine is recognized in the fact that hundreds of so-called blood-purifiers are constantly appearing in the market. That these preparations are NOT so good as AYER'S is well-known to the profession. Ayer's is now and always has been the Superior Medicine for the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood. Its record of wonderful cures, during the past 50 years, is a guarantee that it cures others and will cure you.

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"Leading physicians in this city prescribe Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have sold it for eighteen years, and have the highest regard for its healing qualities."—A. I. Almond, M. D., Druggist, Liberty, Va.

"Ayer's remedies in this part of the State enjoy an enviable reputation, and although I am not in the habit of recommending proprietary medicines for indiscriminate use, yet I cannot hesitate to look favorably on such reliable standard preparations as Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills. These are really superior preparations."—O. A. Stimpson, M. D. C. M., Thompson, Pa.

"My sister was afflicted with a severe case of scrofula. Our doctor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla as being the best blood-purifier within his experience. We gave her this medicine, and a complete cure was the result."—Wm. O. Jenkins, Deweese, Neb.

"I recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla to my customers in preference to any other. Physicians are using it in their practice."—C. H. Lovell, Druggist, 950 Main st., Dallas, Texas.

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In convalescence after Influenza this preparation has been very largely used, and has proved of the greatest value in promoting nutrition, supplying force, and building up the debilitated system.

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Any person can have the effect of stained glass produced in durable material on any window in perfect taste at a cost varying according to design of from 25c. to 75c. per square foot, including material, time and all charges.

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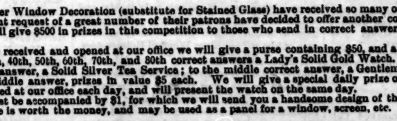
WHO GUESSES IT?



The proprietors of the Glacier Window Decoration (substitute for Stained Glass) have received so many orders for the Glacier through their last competition, and at the urgent request of a great number of their patrons have decided to offer another competition to further introduce the Glacier in the Dominion. We will give $500 in prizes in this competition to those who send in correct answers to the above rebus, according to the following rules:

For the first correct answer received and opened at our office we will give a purse containing $50, and a prize valued at $15 to the next ten correct answers; to the 20th, 30th, 40th, 50th, 60th, 70th, and 80th correct answers a Lady's Solid Gold Watch. The 100th correct answer an Oak Bedroom Set; to the last correct answer, a Solid Silver Tea Service; to the middle correct answer, a Gentleman's Solid Gold Watch; and to 25 correct answers preceding the middle answer, prizes in value $5 each. We will give a special daily prize of a Solid Gold Watch for the first correct answer received and opened at our office each day, and will present the watch on the same day.

RULES—Every answer must be accompanied by $1, for which we will send you a handsome design of the "Glacier" and a bottle of cement to stick it with. The design alone is worth the money, and may be used as a panel for a window, screen, etc. Answers to this competition must be marked competition No. 2.

Competition closes April 9th. Prize winners names published April 11th, and prizes presented on that date.

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The Toronto Saturday Night

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Walt Whitman.

NOT yet a week ago, death removed one of the most striking figures in the history of literature. Walt Whitman was a man who could ignore all artistic methods, all the means by which the poet's thought is preserved fresh and clear through the centuries, and still remain a great poet among poets. This is partially explained by the fact that his methods, though quite radical in form, were not entirely so in spirit. Subjective poetry has always appealed more or less to the human race and in this century has become entirely dominant. The last hundred years can show a long line of poets always at their greatest when analyzing their own minds. The two greatest of subjective poets are perhaps Goethe and Whitman. The Goethe, of an hundred years ago, took his own wide universal soul as the touchstone, analyzed the whole soul of man, and made in Faust an epic of all human spiritual life. The Whitman, who has just passed away, also took his soul as the touchstone, and embodied in his writings the spirit and essence not so much of human life as of all nature. We know how much Emerson valued Whitman's writings, and rightly so, for they teach unconsciously the same truth that Emerson consciously preached, that of the unity of things, of the God-spirit that binds all nature, all life, all beauty together. Whitman was a man who could prostrate himself on the earth, and felt it go bounding, pulsing on in its path. To look for symmetry and grace in the writing of such a man would be as futile as to look for either in the outlines of forest-clad hills, in a pine tree, in the dashing, splashing waters. His mourning for the dead Lincoln is like the wind that blows through a November wood, and Whitman has himself drawn the simile between his grief and that of the thrush singing for the loss of its nest. His message of the brotherhood is necessarily part of his mind. To him, men are as truly brothers as are the "leaves of grass" he loved so well. To his mind, the soul of man can no more die than the sun ceases to shine, or the flowers to bloom in each recurring year.

Of the facts of his life the reader has already learned much in the daily press. He went to a country school, was a reporter for a while, and though a jolly fellow, never one who debased the body that God had given him. He had a government appointment for a while and when the war broke out he did not go to the front to kill, but to care for those who were wounded. Through much nursing his system became so weakened, so poisoned that he never recovered, and was practically a cripple for the balance of his life. In the meantime his first volume, Leaves of Grass, appeared. It contained much of his great philosophy. He saw that the relations between the sexes had become debased. He felt that the instinct to recreate a thing so beautiful as man, must be noble, and he wrote lines intended to ennoble it. Those lines, which do ennoble all who read them in the right spirit, made him enemies. The people whose minds were narrowed by religious—or innately irreligious—prejudice cried out against them; and foul-mouthed Bohemians misunderstood the poet. By the overseal of a higher official, Whitman lost his appointment and means of subsistence and in the excellent United States of America, where all men are free and equal, became a martyr to religious opinion. But he lived on, on the pittance his literary work brought him, in the midst of his waters and woods and birds.

Though one ever given to shaking off the shackles of convention, Whitman was no anarchist. He felt and understood the greatest and universal decrees of nature too well to deny the necessity of law. Society in the true sense of the term had no enemy in him. He objected strongly, however, to what he considered was insincere. A friend has told me that once, in speaking to Whitman, he failed to hear a word and used the phrase, "I beg your pardon," in the ordinary acceptance of the term. "Don't beg my pardon, you haven't offended me," came in deep and almost angry tones from the leonine head. "Say that over again!" would have pleased him much better.

Whitman's thought wrestled with words, sometimes unsuccessfully, and many a line seems grotesque, but he never fails to give the reader an insight into the spirit of his work, and to have read him once is to find more meaning in the sunshine, in the harvest fields and May blossoms, in all things living that one has known before. TOUCHSTONE.

An Allopathic Dose.

Mrs. Dillingham (grass widow, glancing coquettishly up from book)—Do you know I have just made such an odd mistake. I've written it window instead of widow.

Mr. Brown (crusty old bachelor, peering over his paper)—Quite right, madame, for whenever I see a widow I always look out.

Good Reasoning.

"Watah is a good thing," remarked Col. Bludd of Kentucky.

"Yah, may be so," replied conservative Major Bowie.

"It is truly, sah," continued the colonel. "Rain makes cawn, sah, an' cawn makes whiskey."

The Drama.

THE sturdy perennial, Joseph Murphy, has been back at the Grand again this week, and with audiences as large as ever. Murphy's own personal magnetism and the really brilliant repartee of his name old plays seem still to be sufficient to please all that go to hear him. Speaking of Irish plays, rumor has it that the stage is soon to see such an unprecedented effort as an Irish comic opera. The only wonder is that such an idea has not been developed before. It has probably struck a good many people before now, and I, myself, may confess to having thought of such a scheme. The auspices under which the opera is proposed to be brought out does not promise much, however. Mark Murphy—not a relative of the popular Joseph, I believe—the star of O'Dowd's Neighbors, is to take the leading *role*. But an Irish opera on the lines, say, of the Scotch operas, Guy Mannering or Rob Roy Macgregor, would be a real acquisition to the stage.

Mattie Vickers, who is at the Academy this week, is a clever soubrette with nonsensical plays and a very bad company. On Tuesday night the affable Manager Kirchmer had a very successful benefit, which netted him a considerable sum. The house was filled with his friends and he himself made a pleasant speech. Mr. Joe Paladino, the exceedingly obliging treasurer, and his brother were loudly encored for their song on the occasion.

*

I wonder how many people who went to see Wang last week identified the company performing it with that mentioned in Richard Harding Davis' well known story, Her First Appearance, which was published in the Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine*. The identity is practically proved by the exact similarity of some of the chorus girls' names and the presence in each of a stage manager named Cripps, in addition to the many features of Wang, which correspond with the descriptions in the story. The cause of Davis' inspiration and the excellence of the moral which his story points, were patent to many who saw the children dance in the second act. This feature is pretty and deservedly popular, but to make a child imitate the unmoral kicks of a brazen and painted variety performer, is inexcusable. What little sense of modesty that can remain to a child living in such surroundings she is deliberately robbed of by being forced to kick up her heels in her bare legs. Were it a matter of dancing it would be different. Dancing is an art, and a child may cultivate the art on the stage, and possibly remain as sweet as one as ever lived. But there is neither art nor grace in a child's kick. She is simply taught to imitate what is most ignoble in her sex. One does not like to sermonize in the dramatic column, nor to talk melodramatically, but it is possible that that little auburn-haired child may live to curse the day she was taken from her all that is sweet and pure in life, and to curse those who sat and laughed to see it done.

*

Jolly little Rosina Vokes has been smiling on us from the boards of the Grand during the last three nights of this week, and her audiences are larger than ever. Next week Mr. Sheppard announces an excellent attraction in Mr. Wilkinson's Widows, an adaptation from the French done by the famous fun-maker, Gillette. If it equals Gillette's other efforts, The Private Secretary and All the Comforts of Home, seats will not go a-begging.

TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The oldest Roman poster has just been found and acquired by the British Museum. It is a thin slab of stone three feet long. In the upper corners are holes for cords so it might be hung up outside the theater and it bears this inscription in Latin: "Circus full. Immense applause. Doors shut." It is evidently an S. R. O. sign and the noble old Roman manager knew his business.

Aaron Burr is to be represented on the stage Henry Lee will soon appear as that famous and romantic American figure in a play called by his name. Ex Preacher George C. Miln, who "thought he became an actor," has been heard from in Bombay, where he is playing with several natives in support. There is talk of a rehabilitation of that fine strong play, Diplomacy, by Rose Coghlan. It is rumored that Henry Irving will play in this country next season.

A Chinese drama was lately produced in Melbourne, the plot of which discusses a slight unpleasantness between a British missionary and the Chinese. The former is worsted and condemned to death by being placed in a spiked barrel, his eyelids cut off, his face turned toward the sun—kindly kept from setting by some local Joshua, and he is allowed to expire slowly to "the darndest music ever yet heard," according to the Australian Bulletin, and which must have made the wretched criminal glad to die.

Philippe D'Ennery, the aged French playwright, is best known to Americans as the author of the Two Orphans. His first play was written in 1835 and he has been producing dramas with unremitting industry ever since Since the fall of De Lesseps from popular favor, D'Ennery has been the "grand old man" par *excellence* in France, and everything he does is chronicled in the Parisian newspapers with great minuteness. He is now over eighty, and bids fair to live for some years to come, for his general health is good and he takes as much care of himself as Oliver Wendell Holmes does.

Hubert Herkomer has a beautiful little theater attached to his house at Bushey, England, and he has been making scenic experiments which, if generally adopted, would revolutionize the present system and necessitate the rebuilding of a good many theaters. Among the numerous improvements which he recommended to theater managers with airy disregard of cost, were the abolition of footlights and a telescopic proscenium capable of easy expansion and contraction, so that, for instance, a poor man's garret should be the size of a real garret, and not as large as a rich man's drawing-room. He also advocated the use of "an atmospheric gauze sky," such as he had used with striking effect and complete success at Bushey.

Col. Burleigh several years ago toured Michigan in Othello, supported by a rather queer company. He reached Detroit and notwithstanding copious and liberal advance notices, opened to a slim house. His temper, therefore, was none of the best during his first metropolitan appearance as Othello. The first two acts had passed without any demonstration of approval from the front and the curtain was about to be rung up on the third act, when the colonel strode upon the stage and sized up the set. The scenic part of it passed his inspection unscathed, but Props breathed hard as the colonel seized upon some plain but undeniably modern looking books lying upon the centertable.

"Where is the property man of this theater?" he exclaimed.

"Here, sir—anything wrong?" replied Props briskly, but with muffled rage.

"What do you mean by using modern books? These won't do—I must have ancient-looking books!"

*

"Booth and Barrett used those books, sir!"

"I don't care who used them. I want and will have something resembling sixteenth century books before this curtain goes up."

"To fit your sixteenth century actors, I suppose!" growled Props as he hustled to the property room to dig up something ancient and musty.

Joseph Jefferson is nearing the end of his spring labors. This month he will go to his lovely home on Buzzard's Bay, and no stage will see him again until late in the fall. Even then he will emerge to play only eleven weeks, reviving Rip Van Winkle. Joseph Murphy, the Irish comedian, is a famous trout fisherman, and he never acts long enough in April to miss the first legal trouting day. So in a fortnight he will disband his company and get his rods and flies in readiness. None but rich actors like Murphy and Jefferson can afford these long vacations and short tours. Next week the Palmer traveling company, which has been playing Alabama, will stop. Henry T. Chanfrau, son of the original Kit, has returned to New York, satisfied that the season is unpropitious—which is a general complaint of the minor stars this year. Georgie Drew Barrymore, who has been ill in New York, is expected to resume her *role* in Mr. Wilkinson's Widows this week, rejoining the company in Omaha. Her husband, Maurice Barrymore, will not remain in A. M. Palmer's forces next season, but will again travel with Modjeska as her leading actor. The Madame and Barrymore were not always in harmony in the old days, it will be remembered. Time works wonders in these matters, however; and, besides, Modjeska has pressing need of a good leading man. There is a shadowy hint that Daly's substitute for John Drew next year may be George Alexander, the Englishman. Nobody who ever saw Alexander can have forgotten him. He was here first with Irving, in 1888, a tall, clean-limbed, handsome, openfaced young fellow, with a majestic stride and a musical voice. In romantic *roles* there is no better actor on any stage to-day; but, I fear, can audiences never saw him in drawing-room plays, and so he is an unknown quantity for the Daly stage; that is, if he is really thought of to replace Drew. Johnstone Bennett, the jolly Jane in the farce of that name, has won an especial distinction in Philadelphia. George Washington Childs presented to her, with his hands, a costly souvenir from his choicest collection, and Mr. Child's *Ledger* has hardly found words sufficient for its praise of Miss Bennett's performance. It is sad to read that among the one hundred and forty-two candidates for the post of public executioner in Vienna, were five who confessed that they were actors. They could not have been good actors. The executioner gets $200 a year, with free lodgings and a bonus for each operation. A blizzard in Grand Forks, Dak., brought about a singular experience to a theatrical troupe and its audience. It began to snow just before the performance started. The play was long, and when the crowd prepared to disperse they found the streets impassable and no cars or conveyances of any sort in waiting. The opera house is on the outskirts of the town, and walking home was out of the question. The manager and actors were not depressed. They cleared the stage, invited the audience to make themselves comfortable, and the orchestra played all night, while the actors and the audience danced the hours away and had a most merry time. In the early morn snowploughs came through and raised the embargo. Philadelphia curiosity has been aroused by the appearance in a popular price theater of Celia Alsberg, who is romantically gossiped about as "a California belle and heiress enamored of the stage against the wishes of her parents." There is nothing in the fable. Miss Alsberg was once comfortably endowed with the world's goods, but she went a starring with Lewis Morrison and lost most of her money. Later she was in The Great Metropolis, and now she is a patient and industrious actress, but no heiress. Two new theaters in New York are talked of, and one is reasonably sure to be erected. It will occupy the site of the hotel Royal, Sixth avenue and Fortieth street, and George W. Lederer will hold the managing lease. The other proposed house is to be, if it materializes, an up-town, east-side combination theater. The Kendals do not pay large wages to their supporting actors, but at least one member of the company will go back to England in June many times richer than when he came hither. The lucky man is Herbert Nye Chart, who is the only son of the late Mrs. Nye Chart, one of the oldest and richest managers in provincial England. From her estate, which has just been appraised, the son will receive $150,000.

Ideal of the Opera Goer.

He—I see that some people of our set are to produce grand opera at their own houses.

She—How delightful; then there'll be none of those music-loving people to disturb the conversation.

'Varsity Chat.

"Jay Kobb" has written some very fine verse, and he also swings a facile pen in prose. Should he cultivate the poetic spirit, or rather give it play, he will soon outshine many who are classed as poets. The broad expanse of the waters of Lake Huron, upon which he has frequently gazed and into which he oft has seen the sun dip as it slowly sank in the west, cannot but have had an influence upon his poetic fancy. Dull is the man and heavy is his mind, who, looking out over the blue waters of this lake, is not inspired with new and lofty thoughts.

*

Mr. George S. Young, B.A., one of the members of the *'Varsity* staff, has had experience as a newspaper man, and I have heard those he met while writing paragraphs speak highly of his good sense, care and ability.

The *'Varsity* will not appear again until the fall session. Mr. F. B. B. Hellems is the new editor-in-chief, for the mantle of Mr. H. R. Knox has fallen upon him. On the exhilarating sea of journalism, Mr. Hellems will have with him Messrs. Neil McDougall, W. E. Lingelbach, R. S. Strath, J. McArthur, N. M. Duncan, S. Silcox, W. J. Knox, V. G. F. Marani, G. M. Ferris, B.A., S. J. Robertson, S. J. McLean, D. M. Duncan, J. H. Brown, J. Lovell Murphy, G. S. Young, B.A., T. H. Whitelaw, B.A., and Miss Evelyn Durand.

*

The general meeting of the Engineering Society of the School of Practical Science was held on Saturday evening last, the president, Mr. R. W. Thomson, presiding. Reports from the various officers were read and approved, showing the society to be in a very flourishing condition financially and otherwise. The following officers were elected as an executive committee for the ensuing year: President, Mr. E. W. Hinde; vice president, Mr. A. J. McPherson; recording secretary, Mr. J. Chalmers; treasurer, Mr. R. G. Black; corresponding secretary, Mr. Joseph Keele; librarian, Mr. W. Fingland; editor, Mr. G. L. Brown; second year representative, Mr. A. T. Fraser. The incoming and retiring officers then made some interesting and amusing remarks on different subjects connected with the society, and musical selections were given by Messrs. Anderson and Laschinger, which were well received. This society is one of the most vigorous in educational circles in this city, as its members mean business at all times.

The missionary spirit among the students who intend to devote their talents to spreading the gospel, is indeed active. The Home fields receive considerable attention. The Knox College Missionary Society met recently and made the following appointments for the summer: To the North-West—Caradale, Mr. G. A. Wilson, B. A.; Longlaketon, Mr. J. G. McKechnie, B. A.; Arizona, Mr. J. A. Mustard, B. A.; Nelson, Mr. D. M. Martin; Blind Man River, Mr. A. S. Muldrew. To Ontario—Providence Bay, Mr. Geo. Craw; Bethune, Mr. J. F. Hall; Loring, Mr. J. Radford; Warren, Mr. J. D. Torrance; White Fish, Mr. W. A. Findlay; Black River, Mr. W. R. Johnson, B. A.; Korah and Prince, Mr. D. Johnson; French River, Mr. Thos. Menzies; Squaw Island, Mr. Jas. Menzies; Chisholm, Mr. J. H. Burnet; Port Carling, Mr. R. G. Murison; Rosseau, Mr. J. A. Dow; Cook's Mills, Mr. W. A. Merkley; Buck Lake, Mr. Geo. Arnold; Berridale, Mr. W. J. West; Dunchurch, Mr. S. Whaley; South Bay, Mr. A. S. Ross; Collins' Inlet, Mr. D. A. Suter; Colchester, Mr. J. G. Reid; Kent Bridge, Mr. P. W. Anderson; New Dundee, Mr. R E. Cockburn; Preston, Mr. J. H. Barner.

*

The following are the officers elect of the Wycliffe College Mission Society: President, Mr. G. A. Rix; vice-president, Mr. S. Woodroofe; secretary, Mr. Arthur Lea; treasurer, Mr. S. H. Gould; councillors, Messrs. N. I. Perry, B.A., J. H. Fielding, R. H. McGinnis, H. H. Sparks. JUNIOR.

The Lost Pocketbook.

"Talk about losing things," said one of two ladies as they sat at lunch in a public restaurant, "I had an experience lately that almost turned my hair gray—literally, literally."

"Tell me about it," said her friend, helping herself to another cup of chocolate.

"I will, and let it be a warning. One day I was all dressed to go out, when I missed my gloves and my pocketbook. I searched my rooms thoroughly and had in the chambermaid of the hotel, but nothing came of it, so I made up my mind I had been robbed. But by whom I could not imagine."

"Your chambermaid," suggested her friend.

"No, indeed. She has been trusted and tried. I fixed the blame at last on the boy who ran errands and did chores for us, but I concluded to watch him before reporting the matter. The sum of money in my purse was not a large one, but still it was too much to lose. The mystery was why he should have taken my gloves, too."

"Perhaps to conceal the other crime."

"Wait a wee, your Scotch friends say. I did not take off my things and stay at home, but went out as I expected, to, with a friend from out of town, for a day's shopping. We shopped and shopped after the manner of women, and it was three o'clock in the afternoon before we stopped to have a lunch. And, oh, how my head did ache. The whole top of it felt paralyzed. When we at last sat down in a quiet place where we were the only lunchers, my friend insisted that I should remove my hat and rest my head. She herself took out my hat pins and at once I felt such a relief that I gave a cry of thankfulness.

"But what is this? she exclaimed, as something went tumbling on the floor.

"I looked, and there was my pocketbook, this heavy steel-clasped one, and my gloves. I had put them in the crown of my hat the night before, forgotten to take them out, and I suppose put on my hat with my head in the clouds, and wore them all day on top of my unfortunate skull."

"You poor thing," said the other sympathetically, "how thick-headed you must have been!" And she ordered another pot of chocolate and a second invoice of almond cakes.

Free.

Mr. O'Galligan—Cut off these whiskers, will you, me foine feller?

Barber—And why did you let them grow so long?

Mr. O'Galligan—In me youth Oi vowed Oi'd niver shave till ould Oireland was free.

Barber—Well, you don't think she is free now with Parnell dead and the country all broke up about it?

Mr. O'Galligan—Shure, didn't Oi rade in me paper thot they had twinty-four free foights over there in twinty-four hours? Do yez want more freedom than thot? Hooray fur ould Oireland! Cut em off.

God's Springtime Voices.

For Saturday Night.

"I will call for the corn, and will increase it; I will multiply the fruit of the tree, and the increase of the field."—*Ezekiel xxxvi, 29-30.*

Have ye heard Jehovah calling
In the springtime to the flowers?
In the June days have ye heard Him
Whisp'ring gently to the corn?
Every rain pearl is a message
To the green sward and the bowers,
Every sparkling, primal dew-drop
Is a missive to the morn.

In the blood-warm breath of April
All the dainty "pussy-willows,"
First to indicate they hear him—
Don their downy robes of white.
Then the daisies deck the pasture
In bright, wind-roll'd golden billows,
While the sunbeams kiss the cowslips
Till they open to the light.

Grass and flower and bud and blossom
Flash their beauty for inspection;
Teeming life-throbs thrill the pulses
Of each clay-cold torpid clod;
Winter's breath was death's entrancing,
This is nature's resurrection;
Free, untistered, full redemption
By the voice and grace of God.

O'er the upturned, fresh'ry furrows,
Far and wide the sowers scatter,
Each one hearing harvest hymns
Ringing in the love-ton'd seed;
Each one seeing new creation
Out of dumb, putrescent matter;
Though the six-warp'd mind deny it,
Hearts by hands rehearse their creed.

Then the life-germs lie and listen,
With the warm earth-robes enfolding,
Safe within the chancel'd chambers
Wrought for them, divinely fair;
Till their Lord and Maker bids them
Fructify, no gift withholding:
No! They answer, breathing perfume
On the latent, morning air.

Fragrant light-beams woo and win them
Unto beauty and perfection:
Zephyr song-beams charm and cheer them,
Messengers on swiftest wings;
Silv'ry rain-beams shroud and shield them
In their restful introspection.
By His voice, in these, He calls them
Till the bending harvest sings.

LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

The Elms, Toronto.

Napoleon's Tears.

For Saturday Night.

On St. Helena's lonely shore,
When fate his hopes had swept,
Like withered leaves the blast before,
The great Napoleon wept!
Tears, whose sweet well springs years had sealed,
And heart, as well as hand, had steeled.

He, scornful, had the tears repelled
Of Prussia's pleading queen,
Unmoved, the mortal woe beheld
Of faithful Josephine.
But his, not theirs, to weep alone
When hope, and health, and love were gone.

He, who when selfish glory bade
Cold sacrifice of life,
Made merry child the orphan sad,
And widowed happy wife,
Moaned: "Dying, for thy love I pine,
O! mother, life gave none like thine!"

Was it that first and purest love
Should rule his heart at last?
Or stroke avenging from above
To scourge him for the past?
Did tears so blest for peace make way,
Or humbled anguish?—Who can say? IDRIS.

Evening.

For Saturday Night.

Star of descending night! fair in the West,
Thou show'st thy beam and, smiling, dost depart;
Emblem of hope and peace to the weary heart
That sighs to burst its bonds and be at rest.

Rise from behind thy clouds, O silver moon,
Guide thou my steps unto the mossy stream,
Where, in the flick'ring shadows I may dream,
Through waking moments, when the day is done.

Sweet are the whisp'rings of the night to me,
Little rock I how day's bright chariots run;
Over the green hills flies the incontinent sun,
Leaving the twilight hours to reverie.

So, when for human ills we seek a rest,
From the world's dazzling, mocking joys we flee;
Treading the paths of peace we'd ever be,
Safe in the arms of Him who knows us best.

HENRI B. SULLY.

Hearts, Diamonds and Spades.

For Saturday Night.

When life is new and sorrows few
The "game of life" beginneth;
Diamonds, despised; spades, poorly prized;
The heart's the trump that winneth.

But time goes by and hearts grow dry,
Spades still are loved the lightest;
For hearts grow cold in search of gold
And diamonds sparkle brightest.

Soon shroud and pall envrap us all
And hearts and diamonds sever;
Six feet of ground; a new-made mound,
And spades are trumps forever!

U. C. C. G. W. JOHNSON.

In the Course of Time.

When Maud and I were nine or ten,
We shared our every grief and joy,
Played, quarrelled, "made it up" again,
As if she, too, had been a boy.

But when we reached thirteen or so
I seldom let her join my play:
"You're nothing but a girl, you know,"
With frank contempt I used to say.

Years passed, and me, mere seventeen,
Fair Maud was older far than I;
She laughed at me with scornful mien,
For I was "just a boy," and shy.

But when we came to twenty-three,
I more than retailed all arrears;
She then had due respect for me,
And—quite ignored our equal years.

And Time, though obdurate to men,
Can spare his scythe, it seems, at will;
For now my son is nearly ten,
While Maud is three-and-twenty, still.

Song.

Her cheek is like a tinted rose
That June hath fondly cherished,
Her heart is like a star that glows
When day hath dazzling perished.
Her voice is as a song bird's sweet,
The dreamy waide awaking—
But oh, her love is past compass,
And keeps my heart from breaking!

Lost sunbeams light her tresses free,
Along their shadows gleaming,
Her smiles entangle memory
And set the soul a-dreaming.
Her thoughts, like seraphs, upward soar,
Earth's narrow bounds forsaking—
But oh, her love abides with me
And keeps my heart from breaking!

Between You and Me.

HE other night I was wedged in a crowd coming out of the opera house, and just in front of me a gentleman and his wife were slowly making their way out. The lady had her pretty gown to hold up, her fan and her opera glasses were in her other hand, when she discovered her opera cloak was untied. The night was cold, the lady had a low-necked dress, and she pressed forward and whispered to her husband, "Take these things, please, while I fasten my cloak." "Hold them yourself," he said sharply. "I can't bear carrying bric-a-brac." And into the cold night air he stepped and scolded her, when she waited beside the door to tuck up her skirt and make shift to fasten her cloak. "So you've appeared at last," he remarked sharply, as he tucked her hand under his arm and made a dive for a car. "We shall probably miss our car, because you can't step out of a theater without stopping to talk to some one." Now this is a very nice man, I know him and like him, but I do think he and some of his kind might take to heart the scriptural command, "be courteous," when they speak to their other halves. That surly, bossy, bullying tone, which even very nice men adopt, isn't pretty, and if they stopped to think how it sounds I don't believe they'd ever use it, and if that man who provoked this paragraph reads it, let him reflect that folks who don't know him would be apt to set him down as rather a Turk.

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I saw a funny little sight outside Walker's store last Monday. Two old gentlemen were discoursing mysteriously together as I came out, about something that needed a good deal of shaking of heads and pursing of lips and general seriousness. They were earnest and solemn and impressive to a degree, and just behind them, with an air of intense interest and impertinent eavesdropping, was planted the perkiest and most inquisitive looking dummy, clad in a short overcoat and his unipedal green painted iron continuation; the three did look so funny.

•

Can it be possible that Oscar Wilde is right when he says that girls must choose between brains and beauty! That is to say, that if a girl devotes her life to study, culture and thought she will inevitably suffer in her outward and visible self. Stooping over a desk makes round shoulders and a narrow chest, deep thought calls up wrinkles, much night study dims the eyes and steals bloom from the cheek. True, every word of it. But in these *fin de siecle* days, when physical culture stalks abroad and converts its thousands, when sports and exercise for women are the subjects of editorials in every paper in the land, when modesty is no longer priggishness and affectation, but the firm self-respect which grows in the sound mind and healthy body, in such times as we have in Canada, my green carnation wearer, we can be wise and good-looking simultaneously!

•

Talking about exercise for women reminds me of the immense benefit it is to women, as well as men, to know just what kind of exercise suits their needs. One girl I know can walk her ten miles and come home without any specific ache, just a lovely tired feeling all over her; another can row to the Humber and back and be none the worse; a third can ride her wheel for hours and come home hungry and smiling, while many another would die of any of these three tasks. The instruction and gradually developing exercises which come in the physical culture programme, as it is taught by its latest exponents, discover surely the weak spot in the student's make-up. "Oh, I *can't* do that!" often gives a whole flood of light, as some new exercise is essayed. It is a good deal to know what you can do, and to learn how you can do it, or come near to the doing of it.

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In answer to several ladies who have written to me, asking for hints about what wheel is best for a lady's riding, I scarcely know what to reply—*chacune a son gout*, as the French put it. In the first dark days of wheeling, (dark indeed! I was black and blue, and I took my tumbles under cover of night, out of consideration for my neighbors' nerves) in those bygone days, I was loaned wheels by Thomas, Richard and Henry, that I might not blindly express a preference. There was a lovely Brantford wheel, nickel-plated and costly, which rode easily and comfortably, but which I achieved such a header from once, on a wet asphalt road, that I turned from it forever. An easy-going Rambler and a light-running Columbia took turns in my affections, but I finally resolved on a Coventry wheel, because I thought it was stronger and more serviceable. This wheel has been ridden on every fair week day since I got it, and it seems just as good as new. It has whirled along country roads in Kent, trundled over shocking bad bits in our slater city, Hamilton, and enjoyed itself on the sidewalks in St. Kits. From Dominion day to a Toronto "flyer" brought me a pneumatic Raelan to try, and I came down town in such a hurry that I didn't get my breath all the way. And when I got to the office I found a circular from another cycle firm, warning its friends against new inventions, and asking them to wait for the test of time before they accepted them. In the face of my experience and the warning, I am a trifle confused in my opinions, but certainly I had the easiest ride of my cycling life on that pneumatic wheel to-day. For further particulars I must refer my western and Toronto lady querists to our advertising columns.

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Did you ever have an intense longing to be in some distant country, either strange or familiar to you, not because of some association or some friend living there, or any reason that you could grasp and explain? I think such longing comes like the little child's cry when she tires of her play or her party, "I want to go home!" I have wanted to go here or there with a persistent craving in days gone by, and every time the sense of satisfaction, pleasure and rest did not come until I reached the yearned-for spot. Once I had a hungry desire to stand among the vines in a Hungarian vineyard. I got there, and it was enough. I was satisfied, full of restful content. Again I longed to see one beautiful picture. I am still longing. Every once in a while I feel the strong wish to travel a long way to find it and sit down in front of it and be satisfied, as I'm sure I shall be. Just now I am pining, when I have time for it, for the peculiar feel of the sea air of mid-ocean, the long, restful swell of the breathing sea, the swift mysterious passage of the hurrying ship through the waste of water. Don't you hope I may get it?

LADY GAY.

Individualities.

The Mormons claim that no polygamous marriage has been celebrated in Utah for two years.

According to the French and German law, if a person dies in a room of a hotel, the proprietor has a right to demand that the room should be entirely refurnished at the cost of the person's estate.

The Queen is to return to Windsor Castle from the Continent on either April 22 or 23, and on May 20 her Majesty will proceed to Balmoral, and the Court is to remain in Scotland until after Ascot race week.

Mme. Bartholdi, mother of the famous French sculptor, recently died in France at the age of ninety. The Statue of Liberty should be an object of interest to every woman, since the sculptor's mother served as a model for its beautiful face.

Two neighbors, named Morin and Rhaeume, in the parish of St. Marie, Quebec, have each eight children, four sons and four daughters. Rhaeume's four sons have married Morin's four daughters, and Morin's four sons have married the daughters of Rhaeume.

Madame Janauschek's especial pets are two guinea pigs, which were presented to her by the superintendent of the Zoological Gardens in Cincinnati. She has carried them about with her during the entire season, and allows them the free run of her rooms.

Mr. Hardy's now famous novel, Tess of the D'Urbervilles, is winning favor everywhere. In this country it has already reached the third edition—a book that wakens thoughtful comment. A copy of Tess was ordered a few days ago, through her literary agents, by the Princess of Wales.

A graceful though untimely tribute was recently paid to Christine Nilsson by an admirer who had heard her sing The Last Rose of Summer. At one o'clock in the morning he rang her door-bell, and when the door was opened threw in a box containing a rose in gems inscribed, The Last Rose.

James Anthony Froude has a beautiful home at Kensington, London. On entering, the first thing that catches the visitor's eye is a handsome bust of Carlyle. In view of the injury he did the memory of the Chelsea hermit by his injudicious publication of the latter's memoirs, this may be in the nature of a *memento mori*.

Anton Rubinstein has demonstrated that he is still the first living pianist by the success of the five concerts he has just given in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Dresden, Vienna and Berlin, for the benefit of the poor of those cities. It was his first appearance in public since 1885, when he expressed the intention never again to play for money in any of the European capitals.

Women are quite accustomed to masculine criticisms on their clumsy use of tools, but the Chicago *Times* bears off the palm for gallantry when it asserts that, if the last nail in the Woman's Building at the World's Fair is to be driven by a woman, and if it is expected that the building will be completed in season for the opening, the nail in question should have a head as large as a Dutch cheese. The author of this calumny deserves to have his fingers pounded.

Emile Zola writes his novels as if he were conducting a commercial operation, and allows himself none of the eccentricities of genius save the indulgence of a passion for large and massive pieces of furniture. His writing-table and library chairs are of colossal proportions, as is also his ink-stand, which is of bronze and represents a lion. He rises early, takes a walk after breakfast, lunches at mid-day, and devotes the afternoon, from one o'clock to six, to writing exclusively.

The Queen of Denmark has the reputation of possessing more orders and decorations than almost any other woman royalty of Europe. She holds the Russian Red Cross, the English Order of St. John, the Hessian Order of the Golden Lion, the Spanish Marie Louise Order, the Portuguese Order of Isabella, the Russian Order of Catharine, and is a Grand Commander of the Order of the Dannebrog. This last is a very high order, and is rarely conferred even upon sovereigns. Her husband holds forty foreign orders.

Mrs. Tei Sono, the enterprising little Japanese woman who is visiting this country trying to interest American women in a school which she wishes to found for the high class women of Japan, who are seldom reached by missionaries, has addressed several large representative audiences in Washington, D.C., and awakened considerable interest in her plans. Mrs. Tei Sono appears in a pretty, dark gray Japanese silk costume, with a large, rose-colored sash tied about her waist, and genuine American shoes of diminutive size.

It is said that the biggest umbrella in the world has been made for the use of a West African king. The umbrella, which can be closed in the usual manner, is twenty-one feet in diameter, and is affixed to a polished mahogany staff of the same length. The canopy is made of Indian straw, and has a score of straw tassels and a border of crimson satin. On the top is a pine-shaped straw ornament which terminates in a gilded cone. When in use the umbrella is fixed in the ground, and under its shelter the king is able to entertain thirty guests at dinner.

A Woman Journalist.

ONE day Miss Hunt's accustomed haunts knew her no more. The big policeman on the corner of Printing-House Square missed the trim little figure he had come to know as it hurried by him on her daily round; "the boys" in the office suddenly discovered that the quiet, serious-faced girl-reporter who had often beaten them on news had vanished, and even the city editor, who was not supposed to have an emotion of any sort, suddenly roused to the fact that he had lost one of his most alert and earnest aids, and actually experienced a sensation which, in any other human being, might have been termed regret.

Yes, Miss Hunt was gone. A little note of resignation found its way to the managing editor's desk—an indefinite sort of billet-doux, which gave no reason whatever for the girl's sudden departure.

"Little fool!" said the Awful Man, as he read the note; "she has made the mistake of her life. Just got on her feet—work attracting attention everywhere—chief delighted with her—and away she goes. I suppose to marry some worthless chap she will have to support."

"Where's little Hunt?" everybody was asking. "The office is mighty lonely," said the sporting editor, casting a kindly glance towards a closed desk.

"I fancy she's gone back to teaching school," said the dramatic critic. "I wonder how she could tear herself away from me," thought the beauty of the reportorial staff, who fancied Miss Hunt admired his blond bang.

The most plausible reason for Miss Hunt's going away and the one generally accepted, was that she had gone back west to marry a cowboy or the owner of a silver mine, and for weeks the exchange man hunted through the columns of marriage notices in western papers to see if he could find an announcement of her wedding.

But "little Hunt" had not gone away to be married nor to teach school. However, she had a reason for going—a reason she kept fast locked in her heart—while she made her plans for departure.

It was one cold winter night she decided to go. She had been hard at work all day. She had written a new story which had actually made the city editor smile; she had interviewed a dancer who had invented a new terpsichorean wiggle; she had been to the bench show, and had done up the dogs and the dames in great shape, and she had faked a story for the Sunday paper, which was calculated to draw tears from the compositors who would set it up.

Miss Hunt was tired. Nor did it seem to rest her when she found a note on her desk from the editor-in-chief telling her that her salary was to be raised.

It was midnight when Miss Hunt let herself into the pretty little apartment she called home, flung off her wraps and sat down before the open fire to think. These four or five rooms, furnished in the dainty fashion so loved by girls, were very dear to Miss Hunt. Every nook and corner, every belonging and furnishing were a part of her very self. She had labored ceaselessly to have, furnish and keep this home. Her thoughts, her ideas, her individuality were here. The long tramps through all kinds of weather, the struggles, the disappointments, the heartaches were here depleted, and all the triumphs, victories and successes bore their fruition in this tiny home. It was on that divan with its nest of cushions that Miss Hunt flung herself for a rattling good cry the day she lost the interview with a famous and fickle actress. How much it had meant to her, how little to the capricious creature who so coldly broke the engagement she had absolutely guaranteed! There was the piano at which Miss Hunt had poured out all the sacred sorrow of her heart through her fingers. There was the dainty ribbon bedecked rattan chair bought with the proceeds of her first assignment—ah! how everything in these rooms spoke to her of the light and shade, the joy and sorrow of her checkered existence in this heartless town where she had struggled and succeeded—in gaining a footing!

But there were many other objects here which spoke as forcibly of another life—a life which seemed far away now to Miss Hunt. In that pile of cushions yonder on the divan was one made of many tiny pieces of silk carefully pieced in old-fashioned shapes. There were stars and "rising suns" and blocks, joined in quaint and precise manner. That cushion had come one Christmas morning, with the inscription, "Just to let my little girl know that mother does not forget her." The picture over the piano!—when Miss Hunt looked at it there came always a big lump in her throat, for it used to hang over her piano in a Western home. The pretty lamp on the table—ah! could she not now see two silvered heads bent close to its light? . . . a pair of thin hands fluttering over the bits of silk, . . . "piecing blocks" for "my little girl" away in New York . . . another pair . . . sinewy, honest, fatherly hands holding the newspaper Miss Hunt had sent!

Somewhere on-night they had been sitting, old, tired out with the burden and heat of life, alone. They had worked, saved and denied themselves many luxuries so that their bright and ambitious daughter should have a chance in the world. They had placed no obstacles in her way, had listened patiently when she told them of her intention to go forth and battle for success. Ah! they had believed in her, followed her with their prayers and never murmured at her long absence.

She remembered her first days in New York, when, friendless, ignorant and unknown, she had gone about timidly, uncertainly. What a mountain of strength their letters had been! Miss Hunt sighed. She had not written home as often of late as she should—she had been so busy—and when one writes for a living, one wearies at the sight of pen and ink. But their letters, breathing love, tender faith and pride, had come every week—no failure there. The fountain of parental love had remained pure and fresh and strong.

"We know you are busy," the last letter had said; "we hope you are happy and satisfied. It has occurred to us of late that your letters have a mournful tinge. Remember, daughter, that if you ever weary of your useful life the old home stands always open—yes—longing for you."

Miss Hunt stirred the blazing fire impatiently. "Let me see," she said to herself—"where is it I have to go to-morrow? The slumming assignment. . . . How I dread it. . . . remember, daughter . . . I must see those committee women . . . if you ever weary . . . and then there's that interview with the woman in the Tombs. . . . horrible! I was in hopes they would never send me there again . . . the old home—stands—always open—yes, and longing."

Miss Hunt started up with a cry. The old home! Why was she not there with her patient, gentle, lonely father and mother? What was she doing here—here?

"A useful life," they had said. Yes, she had had a useful, honest life. She had been conscientious and painstaking. She had persevered through formidable difficulties and a succession of heart-rending disappointments. She was rewarded now. People were talking of her clever, distinctive, original work. She was quoted, written about, pointed out as one of the brightest newspaper women in town. She had begun to dip into magazine work, and one of the most conservative of periodicals had already published articles from her pen.

But oh! life is brief and love is mighty. A great wave of homesickness rolled over the girl as she thought of that little home—open always—yes, longing for her; of those two dear faces ever set patiently towards the east, looking for their sunlight.

What were success, admiration, work, money and independence, compared to this sudden rush of feeling that shook her soul? "What does it amount to after all?" over and over again she asked her sick heart. "How little it all means, anyhow!"

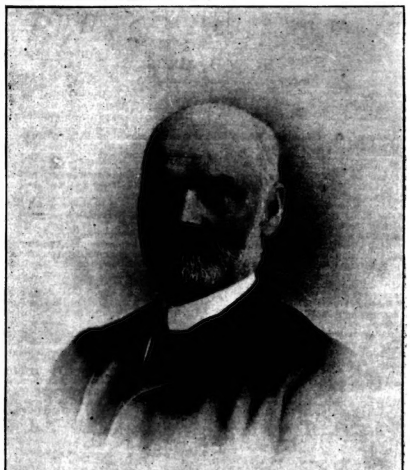
. . . . . .

"I wish," said the city editor a few days later, "I wish little Hunt had not cleared out. She would be the very one to work up the mystery surrounding the death of that girl. Hang it all! Why did she go away?"

Why? Ask that silver-haired couple away out in a little Western home, who would tell you with bated breath and a radiance like the light of heaven on their faces, of one evening when, as they sat by their lonely fireside reading over one of their little girl's "pieces," they heard a quick, resolute step ring up the garden walk. Then the latch clicked, the door swung open, and self-contained, well poised, energetic Miss Hunt, who had undauntedly faced every hardship and danger in her literary existence, became as a little child.

For with one big sob she flung herself on her knees between those weary watchers, and the thin, wrinkled hands met over their "little girl's" head.

Miss Hunt had given up journalism for the home that was always open—yes, longing for her.—*Edith Sessions Tupper, N. Y. World.*



The Late H. E. Clarke, M.L.A.

The Social Ladder.

The following interesting notes on climbing the New York social ladder are by Julian Ralph, writing to the Providence *Journal*: Whoever should write an analysis of affairs in New York to-day and should leave out the strain of social ambition, would miss the most serious thing in the life of the metropolis. We are apt to think the hardest thing a man can do is to come to New York, establish a foothold, and eventually make a fortune, as so many thousands of country boys have done. But my observation is, that if you will go to those same men after they have put the city under their feet, they will tell you that what they have accomplished was nothing as compared with what they have yet to do—and that is to get into society. I do not mean Mr. Allister's Four Hundred when I say "society." I mean polite society of any sort. I mean the *entree* into any one of a hundred far more desirable circles than McAllister's band of self-instituted aristocrats. The day was when a man had the *entree* of any such circle if he was a respectable man of any profession, or if he was rich. That is the case in the smaller cities to-day. Any doctor, lawyer, judge, or rich man, whose reputation is clean, can instantly gain admission to the nicest circles in the small cities. But he cannot do so in New York. The only sure passport to such circles that I know of in New York to-day, is to be born in such a circle. The next best thing is to boast a commission in the army or navy. The city is old and rich and suspicious of all new-comers. That makes its society the most rigid and cruel in America.

An Opening at Last.

Employer—Mr. Tops, I have long observed, with approval, your assiduity and devotion to business, and I am now about to test your abilities in a new capacity, in which, I feel sure, you will acquit yourself with credit to the house, and—er——

Mr. Tops (highly delighted)—I—I—I shall do my best, sir!

Employer—As I was about to say, Mr. Tops, the porter is sick this morning, and I shall have to ask you to sweep out the office.

Recalling the Past.

Mr. Close.—'Scuse me, sir; but I'm Seth Close from Punkville, an' I'm a-lookin' fur the Farmers Savings Bank. Kin you direct me tew it?

Recently Converted Bunco Steerer.—I could, sir; I am going that way—but do not follow me, I beg; I am trying to be a better man.

THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

BY Y. H. ADDIS.

When Alfred Shea and his wife went to live for a time at Platte City, the question of house-accommodation bade fair to give them some inconvenience. This was a long settled district, and almost every family in community had dwelt in the same house throughout the whole time of residence there. When young people married, it was either to abide in one of their respective old homes, or else, more usually, to swarm to a new establishment of their own. The people here were somewhat impressive; for the most part being widely inter-allied by blood or marriage with their neighbors, they and their collaterals were sufficient unto themselves, and immigration was hardly desired, certainly not courted, and no temporal provision was made for the inducement of potential settlers.

It seemed to Alfred Shea that there was not a house to let in the township. He certainly had been unsuccessful in finding one within the "city" limits. His wife was newly married from a large household, reared on Southern principles, and the publicity of the hotel distressed and wearied her. Moreover, both were of a domestic turn, and they had the true and natural instinct of home-making.

The husband was returning from about the fiftieth unsuccessful trip in search of a house, when he was hailed by his brother-in law, who owned and edited the local newspaper.

"Come with me," he said; "I think I have found a man who has a house to rent. I think you had better take it, although it is not large, nor near the business center."

The man they went to see was a planter from some twenty miles "in the country." The house was quite large enough, he said, for a bride and groom; in fact, it had been built for just such occupancy—for his own daughter, who did not like country life; but she died before her marriage, her husband had had a good business opening in St. Louis, which, of course, said her father, "suited Sis a heap better than Platte City. It's a little one horse town, even if it is nice."

It was really not a large house, but it was large enough. There was the spare bedroom—"as all of Betty's folks can come over, one or two at a time, to visit us," thought the young husband.

"But I thought you told me," he said, "that the house had not been occupied. It shows all over it has been lived in. Not that it looks worn or dirty—except this"—he qualified as they opened the door to the kitchen—"this looks like it had been used for a charcoal kiln."

"Well," said the owner, "I tell you my daughter didn't live here, but not that no one else did. The fact is, I felt a little queer about it—about telling you that a young couple did live here—they had not been married very long, and one night the wife she upped and left her husband. He was terribly upset. I think the reason she left him was because he spoke pretty sharp to her about this very charring of this kitchen She wasn't used to keeping house, he said, and she let fat catch fire or she was frying some nut-cakes that afternoon, and it blazed up and burned out the kitchen like you see it, and he was pretty well tuckered in putting it out, and spoke to her pretty binding. He made the damage good before he left, but I never done had the kitchen done over—they's not much call for house-painting, the carpenters around if you say you take it."

Mr. Shea took it. He was sure his wife would be contented: anything would be better than to stay on at the hotel. And, in fact, she was delighted at the prospect of getting into private quarters. Within the week, the little house was modernized, furnished, they were installed. Two days after they moved in, Betty's younger brother James, a lad of fifteen, came to make them a visit. It was very convenient to live in Platte City, for Betty's family lived only about eleven miles distant, in the large farm-house on the river, and it was very easy for them to ride or drive over to visit Betty.

James passed part of the day at his brother's office, met at his brother-in-law's house, and part in a rampage with the many lads of his age of Platte City and its environs. He was thoroughly tired at supper time, and went early. His hosts retired some hours later, but they had been asleep some little time when they were awakened by a most unearthly yell from the youth, and the next moment he burst into their room, panting and sobbing, and bounded upon them in the bed with more force than was at all pleasant. Alfred Shea caught him and put him out on the floor again, with a vigorous remonstrance and an admonition to go back to his own bed and stay there.

"Oh, Mr. Shea!" cried the boy, "I can't! I can't! Indeed, I dasn't. Please don't ask me! It scared me so! I felt it!"

"Felt it! What did you feel? What scared you?"

"Oh, I don't know! It was—I don't know what! It waked me—it was pulling off my covers, and when I pulled 'em back, it got up and lay down on the bed close by me—almost on top o' me!"

"Oh, pshaw! rank nonsense!" declared his brother-in-law.

But Betty piped up sleepily: "Oh, Alfred, don't scold the poor boy—dear Jem was always timid. Suppose you go and look in his room. We may have shut a dog in the house without knowing it, and it would get on the bed for warmth.

So Mr. Shea went out, with Jem holding fast to his brother-in law's night-gown, and a thorough inspection was made, not only of Jem's room, but of all the premises. Mr. Shea looked into and under everything where even a cat might hide, but there was no dog nor cat hidden; no, not even a rat, nor so much as a cockroach or a waterbug—nothing in the world to warrant Jem's unseemly panic. The doors and windows were all fast, as they had been left at bedtime.

But nothing that could be said would induce that absurd boy to go back to his bedroom. No, he would not do it, he said; he would rather go down-town and wake his brother, and sleep at the hotel with him. And he brought his clothes into the hall, and was actually putting them on to go away, when his brother-in-law stopped him.

"There's no sense in your disturbing your brother, too, and you are not to do it. I will take your mattress into our room, and let you sleep there. I had no idea you were such a baby! You ought to have a trundle bed under your mother's big four-poster. Before I'd be such a coward!"

But Jem accepted the contumelious as an offset to the solace of companionship, and went to his lowly pallet with great meekness.

The next night, in discussing Jem's inglorious fright, his sister and elder brother remembered that he had been subject to nightmares when younger, and they concluded that his excessive exertions the day before had caused a recurrence of the old trouble. That night his brother took the boy to the hotel, where he stayed three nights, seeing his sister in the day-time. And those three nights Jem heard never a whinny of even the colt of a night-mare.

Then the lad returned to sleep at his sister's and promptly repeated his former interesting performance with added fervor. This time nothing would dissuade him from finishing the night in the bed behind his sister, and he would not so much as peep from beneath the blankets until daylight. After breakfast he saddled his pony and departed, and his brother-in-law said, "Good riddance! but we'll get some of the rest over, Betty, so you sha'n't be lonesome."

The next day Betty's editor brother came in just before sunset and told her that Shea had business which would keep him later than usual, and that he, Draper, had come to tell her lest she be uneasy. The fact was that they had agreed she must never be left alone in the evening, as a good many bad negroes were thereabouts.

Brother and sister were standing near the garden gate, watching for Mr. Shea's return. It was the gloaming; forms could be seen and dark color discerned from light, but detail could not be distinguished.

"Who was that the? " said Betty. Her brother turned toward the house, whither she was looking, and saw a tallish, slender woman, in a light-colored frock, skirting the narrow gallery. She had something whitish on her head and what looked like a dark tippet over her shoulders.

Betty and her brother started to meet her, but she was before them at the steps, up which she went, passing across the porch into the house. They followed close behind her, calling, but she was out of sight, nor could they discover her.

"How sorry I am!" said Betty; "how very sorry! I suppose she went on out through the kitchen door—it was open—when she found the house not locked, supposing we were away. Do you suppose she is deaf, that she did not hear us calling? So sorry! I would like so much to have a 'run-in neighbor!' I am quite lonesome."

This hurt her brother, for he had been in Platte for some time, and felt that he ought to have made acquaintance with his sister, who had been used to a deal of company. But the Platte citizens were very conservative, and distrustful of strangers, as probably being "Yankees," and even "the editor" was not acquainted, except in a business way. These considerations, and the arguments they had to—for Draper deplored her isolation, and Betty stoutly protested she cared not a pin about it—turned their thoughts from the light-frocked woman, for that day; but the next evening, as the three sat on the porch, they saw the same woman walking near the gate, within the garden.

"That's your 'run-in neighbor,' Betty," said the brother; "I'll go and speak to her."

At the moment he was rising, a gun shot sounded at the spare corner of the house. It had been even with the gallery, for its flare lighted up their faces. Draper off the porch and Alfred Shea on it, both ran to the end, but nothing was to be seen of the shooter. They at once searched the place. In the back-yard were no bushes, nothing higher than some late vegetables just cropping up, and the country was open for some distance beyond. He could hardly have slipped past them into the front garden, but they nevertheless beat up the garden thoroughly. Only when they were shaking the yellow four-o'clock bushes, where they had seen her, did they remember the woman.

"Of course made off when she heard the gun," said Draper; "who wouldn't!"

And Betty was so much alarmed by the shot, she did not grieve for her visitor. "Oh! it's because they take us for Yankees! I just know it. Brother, do put in the next *Starry Flag* that we are Southern."

From that time the woman was about the place almost daily. Nearly every evening—they saw her at no other time—she was either on the porch or in the garden; always the other place from where they were. Without seeming to shun them, she contrived to avoid them. Betty said she was sure it was some one who loved flowers, but who was in humble circumstances, and, of course, probably, in deficiencies in apparel, ashamed to meet people; and Betty thought she slipped in to enjoy the flowers under cover of the twilight. Alfred Shea thought, but did not say, that this theory did not account for the stranger's eccentricities, such as going into the house, for instance. But he was careful not to call Betty's attention to this, lest she might share, and be alarmed by, his own suspicion, which was that the woman was one of those poor creatures demented, or considered—until a frenzy seizes them and they do ghastly things—"entirely harmless." He knew that very respectable rural towns hold one or more such "innocents," kept out of an asylum through poverty, apathy, or mistaken affection. However, his cautious enquiries left no knowledge of any such subject in Platte City; Draper might have learned more readily, but he was gone to St. Louis on business.

About ten days after he left, Betty's mother came over for a visit. Betty was very fond of her mother; Alfred Shea, too, loved her dearly and they spent a very happy evening, which they prolonged until an unusually late hour.

Mr. Shea was awakened from a sound slumber by a hand tugging gently at his shoulder. He sat upright: "Mother! what is the matter?"

Betty was up in an instant, and echoing his question.

"There!" said her mother, "I hoped I could arouse you without awaking Betty. Mr. Shea, will you bring my bag into this room, if you do not mind my sleeping here to-night? It is so cold—I mean so warm!—in my room, and I think you have a little breeze here. I have been so uncomfortable."

Now this was a lady who never complained; she would suffer almost any inconvenience rather than cause another person even so much—or so little—trouble as she was such her son in-law. He went at once to move her bed. He noticed that she did not leave the room, but went and stood with her face to the window while he effected the transfer. After they were all back in bed, he heard her shivering.

This arrangement remained in force for three or four nights, then the guest moved her bed back to the spare room. In the middle of the night Alfred Shea heard a little low cry from across the hall. His mother-in law was a woman of lovely, mild manner, and all her demonstrations were very gentle. He knew that that faint cry from her was as much as a shriek from other women. He threw on a dressing-gown and hurried to her. She had made a light, and was sitting up in bed. Her face was blanched, and she looked greatly disturbed.

She motioned to close the door, and then asked, in a strained voice: "Have you ever a dog?—a big dog—mastiff or Newfoundland."

"There is no dog here," said Alfred Shea. "I have been trying to get one to protect Betty in my absence, but have not found the kind I want yet."

"I was quite sure it was no dog,' the lady murmured to herself; "I—I knew it was not."

"What—what is it you mean, dear mother?"

"Listen! I was awaked by something pulling at the covers. I thought they had slipped off and were going to the floor of their own weight. I tried to pull them up, but at first something held them—hard—fast. Then they came loose with a jerk. I pulled them up, and then something came upon the bed and lay down beside me—close against me. It was as large and as heavy as a large dog or as—a person!" The tone in which she spoke the last words was one of the concentrated horror.

"Oh, that explains it all," said Alfred Shea, contentedly; "Jem told you about his nightmare, and you have dreamed it over after him. There is a marvelous sympathy between you."

"Did such a thing happen Jem when he was here? No wonder he came home—you have no idea what a horrible sensation it gives one. I wondered why Jem returned so soon. I feared he had vexed one of you, but would not press him—I would not risk the offence of a child more than of another person. But—Mr. Shea! this was no dream with me, and I believe that Jem's experience was no dream. I reached over the—thing!—and lighted the candle; there was nothing on the bed that I could see, but the covers were pressed down in exactly the form they would take from a body upon them—and the weight was still against me. It left me just as you came."

"And—the other night, when you came to our room?"

"The self-same thing had happened, only I made no light. As soon as I could throw the—thing—off, I ran to your chamber."

"You had better go there now and sleep with Betty. I will stay here the rest of the night and see what happens." But nothing happened.

The next night, by collusion between mother and husband, Betty's mother began telling her a long family matter just as they were separating. Mr. Shea then proposed to change rooms with his mother-in-law, that she might finish her talk. The others had arisen that morning before Betty woke.

Alfred Shea awakened in the black depths of the night, in the grasp of a sick fear that made his soul seem to die within his body. His perceptions were keenly alive, and he recognized the detail the experience of his mother-in law and Jem. He made no effort to strike a light, being absorbed in resisting the profound horror that beset him. That mental effort seemed to prevail over the agent that caused it, since presently the weight was lifted, like the removal of a contiguous human body, and he turned his gaze upon the interior of the room in time to see upon its darkness a tall stain of luminosity, that swiftly condensed itself into human shape—the form of the woman who prowled about the garden. He saw it clearly defined for some seconds, and then it faded.

Simultaneously with this, a loud report and a loud scream rang from the other bedroom. Alfred Shea felt that this night they were beset in earnest, as he sprang to the rescue.

"Mother! Betty!" he cried; "say what has happened—" but cutting short his words came another detonation; the flash that accompanied it showed the figure of a man in the wall of the chamber, and it was succeeded by several groans, prolonged and deathly.

There was no further sleep that night for the house of Shea. The three in question, in one room, with several lamps burning brightly, and longed for daylight. Very early in the morning, Mr. Shea sent his mother-in-law home, in the care of a liveryman, to prepare for Betty's comfort. That young woman positively refused to depart until the next day, when her husband could accompany her; and she refused, moreover, to adjourn to the hotel until the time of starting. In short, though badly frightened, she was not demoralized, unless in the direction of developing obstinacy. Her husband procured the loan of an old "mammy" to accompany Betty during the day, the negress being told, of course, nothing of the conditions. Mr. Shea thought he observed a certain repugnance toward the house on the part of the old woman, but attributed the impression to his own consciousness.

For some days the weather had been very cloudy, so that the nights were exceedingly dark, notwithstanding it was "the light of the moon." But now the weather cleared rapidly about sunset, and the night came on flooded with moonlight of uncommon clearness and brilliancy. Bed-time found the Sheas, what with the interval of the day's exemption and the fatigue of preparation, full of hope that this last night might pass without disturbance—a hope destined to prove fallacious.

About midnight, Betty found herself quite wide-awake suddenly, with no consciousness of the process of awaking. Her eyes were fixed upon a table whose top was flush with the sill of a window opening on the garden; the curtain was up, the moon shone full in the window, and the veining of the wood in the top was visible. As she looked, a faint haze—like smoke, or haze, or mist—seemed to gather upon the table, moving slightly upon it, like fog—wraths faintly stirred in solid currents, and growing meanwhile denser, until it shaped itself into definite form—the image of a dead baby, very young and tiny, but beautiful as a little angel.

Now, Betty Shea was not an imaginative woman, and nothing that had happened had suggested fears of a supernatural character; her, all that had happened proceeded from some malevolent human agency; and she now found in this sight cause for alarm, indeed, but matter-of-fact enough to assign to it, as the phenomena of her own physical condition. She was a practical little woman, as has been said already. She promptly called her husband:

"Do you think I'd better have the doctor? I am afraid something is going to happen to him—my baby. Yes, I have had a warning—I thought I saw—I think yet I am mistaken—poor little dead babe yonder on the table. I would not have such notions if all were well."

Her husband looked. "By Jove! there is a baby on that table; some one has laid it there through the window."

He leaped up and rushed thither—and before their gaze the apparition disappeared, as suddenly as the bursting of a bubble.

Betty trembled a good bit, and even whimpered a little; but, as she said, to make matters worse by giving way was foolish. And her sound good sense and plucky self-control stood her in good stead that she reached her mother's home safely, and, after a time, passed through her ordeal with no evil results from the shocks that might have proved black ruin to a more nervous woman.

Alfred Shea, after seeing his wife to her mother's house, returned to Platte for the settling of his business, having decided to return to where social and domestic conditions were more favorable. He found his brother-in-law returned and in high hopeful feather, and somewhat disposed to resent this summary flat of departure. On his return to "Sin Louis," he had met several "prominent citizens" of Platte, who now seemed inclined to act as social sponsors for these aliens, and he thought it foolish to abandon the field just as opportunity was opening before them. He introduced Mr. Shea to one of these new friends, whose material magnitude and individuality seemed to fill the office of the *Starry Flag* to over-flowing. After the introduction and a few casual remarks, Draper continued his tempered invective against his brother-in-law's removal, and Alfred Shea replied, in explanation and justification of his course.

Judge Owens was visibly disturbed by the dialogue, into which he presently broke, at a reference to Betty.

"Do you mean to say, sih," he demanded, "do you mean to tell me that you took a lady—a delikit lady—to live in that-ah infernal Baine ho'se?"

Mr. Shea admitted committing that error.

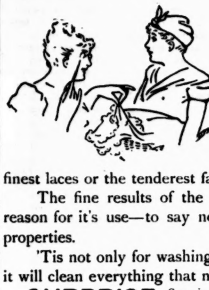
"And—no one told yo'—no one wahned yo'!"

Mr. Shea explained that he had seen no one but the owner, with whom the bargain was closed off-hand.

"Oh—Baine—yes! he'd nevah tell yo'. He'd rent his mothah's grave if he ca'd find a tenant. We do suspect, sih, that Baine used to be a slave-driveh in the fah Sothe—we do, indeed, sih. If I only had b'en heah, yo' sh'd never gone theah—not tho' I'd paid yeh fohfeit. But some of oah prominent citizens ought to wahned yo'. Now that's the wohst, sih, of oah Soth'en social system—we'h too exclusive—too much given oveh to convention. Jus' because no one had the honoh of yo'h acquaintance, yo' weh let into such a trap. Yes, sih! I say a trap, sih!"

Mr. Shea ventured to ask Judge Owens's grounds for this qualification, in the hope of having explained the remarkable experiences his family had suffered.

"I always distrusted that man Howland," said Judge Owens; "theh was somethin' suspicious about him for me. But the scared laws of hospitality made me show him such cou'teesies as I could, sih! The lady was ill whilst ina' lived in the Baine ho'se—heah infant was bohn dead, sih. I loaned them the loan of Juley to assist heh—Juley is an ol' black woman of my people—she tells you she hiahed her to stay with your good wife one day. I've neveh talked with any one else but Juley abo't the matteh, an' Juley to no one but me—she's close, is Juley, close as the bahk on a hickory. She



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stayed theah o' nights, an' she says that many a time an' oft, as she was goin' oveh—yo' may have obseived that the house is isolated—she'd heah him blasin' away with his rifle—the lady was scahed to death o' fish-ahms—an' doin' everything he could to fright and tohment heh. Juley said she did believe he wanted to worry heh to death. The lady suffeied greatly an' couldn't help showin' that she suffeied, an' that seemed to infuriate him. Instead o' makin' the tendeiest to'ds heh, as any true man would be. Afteh heh sickness, she got heh stren'th but slowly, an' all the while he was indifferent and unfaithful to heh, but she seemed jus' to live only on the sight of him. Juley says the po' thing used to go at night across the passage to the room wheah he slept, and lie softly down on the outside of the coveha. He'd snahl at heh, she disturbed his sleep, an' drive heh away, an' she'd go back to heh own room, all sad an' meek, sih!—the evehlastin' hound, sih!

"Well, I was away at the last, sih, when he came down-town an' told that the kitchen had caught fish, an' he rebuked heh foh it, an' she left him. But he didn't tell that tale until a peddleh-man stopped by theah, an' found the house vacant an' the kitchen pile o' fish cooked out. My own opinion is, he set it afah himself, sih! Since then, the Baine fo'ce has had a bad name, sih! Vulgah superstition declares that the strange lady walks theah—that strange sights and sounds ah hea'd and seen theah—in shoht, sih, that the house is ha'anted.

"Well, when I retuished that time from Sin Louie, he was gone. I would 'a' made investigation, but—I ask you, sih, to what puhpose? I ask you that, sih? We did not know no thing the po' lady was, noh who was heh people; noh what was that man's true name, wheah he went, nor wheah he came from. We have not got the advantage of a railroad, an' the telegraph is often out of ohdeh. Oah facilities heah ah not great, sih! Ahfteh they weh gone, Juley was walkin' by the house one day—an' she found a letteh, blown into the weeds theah. Well, I buhned it—but—sih! it showed that she'd left everything for the love of him, sih, an' now heh company was a trouble an' a dangeh to him. May the good Lohd fohgive me if I wrong him, but—well, I thought an investigation would not undo what was done, an' it would bring scandal an' discredit on oah peaceful little town foh no good end. The good Lohd fohgive me if I took on myse'f too much responsibility!"

The old gentleman walked once or twice across the office, and then went out with a strangely husky "Good morning."

Mr. Shea had had the furniture put in by the local upholstering establishment, but the venture had cost him so much that he and Dowsey went out to the house to economize by doing the dismantling themselves.

"Those fellows of Towser's did not hurt themselves by thoroughness," said the young man, as they ripped up the carpet in the bed-room where Mr. Shea had gotten the worst fright of his life-time; "they put the carpet down over the old oil cloth. See here, Al! the oil-cloth's untacked on one side—let's lift it and look under."

The displaced oil cloth covered a space of perhaps four feet wide—across the chamber—of flooring that had been removed and the boards laid back loosely. When these were lifted up, beneath appeared a spot, perhaps six feet by three, where the earth was banked up somewhat, and showed recent displacement. A soft lavender ribbon trailed partly out of the loose dirt.

The first letter that Alfred Shea received from Draper after the former had left Platte, chronicled the mysterious and complete burning, the preceding night, of "the Baine house."

The Oracle.

I have never believed much in fortune-telling, or palmistry, or anything of this kind, but when my two dear cousins, Amy and Dolly, who were devout believers, urged me to go with them to Fatima—Fatima was the last new prophetess—I could not refuse them. I felt that they, or one of them, had a right to know what there was to be known about my future, because I was going to marry one of them. Both were delightful girls—Amy a lovely blonde, Dolly a sparkling brunette. Each had fifty thousand dollars, and each, I think I may say, was quite ready to marry me. I only hesitated between them because I could not bear to gratify one at the expense of the other; and in spite of their amiability, I had seen unmistakable signs of a little rivalry between them.

We went all together to Fatima's, and I took my stand before her, exactly equi-distant from a cousin on either hand—I was no: going to give Fatima a lead if I could help it. The prophetess was a plain woman of about thirty, and she looked rather sour when I insisted on both the young ladies being there. However, she went to work and droned out some stuff of my past life, giving special attention to my smoking habits—I knew I smelled of cigars—and my debts; which latter information she might just as well have kept to herself. At last she could not shirk the question of my matrimonial future any longer. She cast puzzled glances, first at Amy, then at Dolly, and were looking at me with sweet affection. She turned to me; I gently took a hand of each and pressed it affectionately. Fatima sighed and gave it up.

"You are loved," she said, in deep tones, "by two beautiful women (the girls looked pleased); one is fair (Amy blushed), the other dark (Dolly colored). You love both in a measure (I pressed the two hands), and——" Fatima paused.

"Well, which is it to be?" I asked.

She bent over my hand. "I see a double line, once broken. I see a wedding, and a death and a wedding; and the time for all this is short. You will wed one; but let the other endure; the joy of the one will be destroyed with her life in a little space, and the other shall be satisfied. I have spoken. The charge is one dollar."

"But stop," I cried. "Which is to marry me first?"

"The lines say naught as to that. One you will marry, and she must die; and the other follows."

"But hang it! is there no way out of this?"

She knitted her brows and looked again. "Ay, if you will; but that way lies a fearful ordeal, and dyed as though in blood. Ah, 'tis a woman causes it!"

The girls shivered, and I hastily flung down the dollar and went out, considerably impressed, in spite of my scepticism, with the sombre prophecy. My cousins were rather silent on the way home and not at all my usual fond affect attempts at making fun of Fatima with coldness; both were distant in their manner to me and not over cordial to one another. I dreamt this behavior was natural enough, for, if Fatima spoke true, one of them was doomed to early death, leaving her rival triumphant; and this doom was to be averted if I committed a murder. Was I to murder one of them? Horrid thought!

Before many days were over I wished heartily that we had never been to Fatima's. No more pleasant *tete-a-tete*, now with Amy, now with Dolly! They both avoided me sedulously, if on the other hand, they began to show almost exaggerated affection for one another; they were never apart, and treated one another with the most loving, almost sacrificial friendship. In fact, I should have found my stay in the house very dull had not Mrs. Girdlestone, a pretty little widow, with great heel eyes and a mass of auburn curls, consoled me a little.

I soon found out the meaning of the girls' changed behavior.

I was smoking in the study one morning, when I heard them talking in the veranda outside.

"My darling," Amy was saying, "why think any more of such nonsense? I know you love him. Accept my willing, willing sacrifice, and be happy with him; he loves you."

"My sweet Dolly, you are too, too generous. I think Fatima's story all nonsense, and, just for that reason, I can not, will not purchase happiness at the cost of your misery. I resign him—but what do I say? It is you he loves."

"I'm sure it's you, Dolly," resumed Amy. "He's always looking at you. I wouldn't say so if I didn't believe it; and how you can pay any attention to that stuff, I don't know."

"You're quite wrong, Amy. He all but told me it was you. It's absurd of you to pretend not to know it."

Something followed I did not hear; then the tones of the voices changed, and Amy said, with the sound of a choked sob:

"You're a horrid girl; you want me to die, and then you'll marry him, Dolly."

"I thought you loved me," sobbed Dolly in reply; "and now you're planning my death. I hate you, Amy."

Lunch was a sombre meal that day. The girls would speak neither to me nor to one another; only Mrs. Girdlestone tried to keep up the conversation. It was just as bad all day; they snapped at one another and they snapped at the little widow, and, worst of all, they snapped at me until really the horrid thought that had struck me before would have seemed less horrid if only I could have relied on the inefficiency of the bloodhounds of justice; but the police happened to arrest a murderer about then—he walked into the station, and that stayed my fell imaginings. Besides, I should not have known which to murder any more than I had known which to marry.

In very low spirits, I started on a solitary walk next afternoon, thinking I would come to a definite conclusion. I arrived at no such thing. I knew they would both refuse me as matters stood, and, although justly incensed, I knew I should be miserable if I never to take the alternative fate offered. The rain came down, and I turned to go home. To my surprise, I met Mrs. Girdlestone.

"Why have you ventured out such a day as this?"

"Oh, I had some shopping to do."

"Could not I have done it for you?"

"Indeed, no," she answered, with a laugh and a blush.

"Or one of the servants?"

"No; servants chatter so."

"It's a secret, then?"

"Well, yes, it is—from you, anyhow, Mr. Thompson."

"Did you get what you wanted?"

"Yes; I have it here."

I noticed she was carrying a fair-sized parcel, wrapped in tissue-paper.

"Oh, let me take it for you!"

"Will you be very careful? I don't know what I should do if it came to grief."

I promised to guard it like my life, and we walked on. Presently the rain stopped, the sun came out, and we lingered over our walk. She was very kind and sympathetic, and, at last, I told her the whole story. Nothing could be clearer than the way she spoke, and I became quite engrossed in our conversation. It lasted up to the very door, and we paused in front of the house, while she stopped to say a last word, pressing my hand, and telling me "how grieved, how very——"

At this point, a butcher-boy came along, carrying a basket. Too boy ran against Mrs. Girdlestone's parcel. There was a sound of breaking glass. I dropped the thing, but not before my hand was covered with blood—as I thought.

"Oh, oh, oh!" I cried; "my hand's cut to bits."

The widow looked at it.

"I must stanch the blood!" I cried.

"Nonsense, Mr. Thompson. It's not blood; it's—it's—well, it's my hair-wash!" and she blushed very becomingly.

"Hair-wash!"

"Yes," she murmured; "my hair is——"

"Woman, don't hesitate at such a moment!"

"Well, pale red; and that dries a lovely auburn."

Her hair might have been blue for all I cared. She was a charming woman, and had rescued me from a fearful temptation and one of my cousins from an early death. I proposed to her on the spot.

Then I went in and told my cousins. They leaped up and rushed into one another's arms, exclaiming, in tones tense—"The old one!"

We were married in a month. I have no word to say against my wife; only it is a fact that she had only fifty thousand dollars a year, which ceased on re-marriage. Each of the girls had, as I said, fifty thousand dollars.

So my wife's fortune cost me exactly fifty thousand and one dollars.

I think the law should be impartially administered and all such people put in prison.—*St. James' Gazette.*

California and Mexico.

A man going west should remember the great Wabash route is the banner line to all west and south-west points, the only railroad using the palace reclining chair cars (free) from Detroit to St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha. Finest equipped train on earth, and all cars go through the great tunnel at St. Louis. Time tables and other information cheerfully furnished on application to J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

A Remarkable Coincidence.

A few weeks ago I published my theory of the mental microbe, which has attracted such attention in the scientific world. For the benefit of those who did not see the former article I may say that the theory is this: There floats in the air the microbe of an idea and two of these microbes may enter the brains of two persons so that each person will write a book or a story or a poem similar to the book, story or poem of the other person. If the microbes enter the brain of one person several years after it has impelled another person to write, the chances are that the person writing later will be charged with plagiarism.

In *Harper's Magazine* for April, 1891, there is a poem by that talented Canadian poet, William Wilfred Campbell, entitled The Mothers. It is a very powerful poem. The story is this: A young mother dies and is buried. Her husband marries again and the dead mother cannot sleep in her grave for

"I dreamed my way like a ghost
And then I rose in my grave clothes white."

She goes to her husband's house and takes her baby back with her.

Precisely the same idea was the theme of a poem entitled The Dead Mother, written by Miss Katharine Tynan, the well known Irish poetess, whose first volume was published in 1885, and her second two years later. The poem in question was published in America in Charles Wells Moulton's Magazine of Poetry, Buffalo, in July, 1889.

Now there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that Mr. Campbell never saw Miss Tynan's poem; if he did, it would have been suicidal to his reputation to publish one of his own so similar in so widely read a publication as *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Campbell's verses are of two lines each; Miss Tynan's are of six lines. The situations are singularly similar. Here are some instances, the first being from Miss Tynan, the second from Mr. Campbell:

T { "I stood upright from the sleeper's place
And down through the graves and I took my way."

C { "I rose like a flower from my damp earth bed
To the world of sorrowing overhead."

T { "But I made no sound in the graves I went
For the voice of my baby seemed to call."

C { "As I went down through the little town
The sleeping children seemed more afraid."

T { "I was forgotten six months or more
And a new bride walked on my husband's floor."

C { "My babe was asleep on a stranger's arm."

T { "I reached the door of my husband's house
And swiftly I came to the upper floor."

C { "I passed the streets to my husband's home,
The sleeping children in a dream I clomb."

T { "My babe of little more than a year
I hushed her weeping with 'Mother is here.'"

C { "I hessed me a voice, though my lips were dumb,
'Hush, hush, for mother is come.'"

It will be seen from these extracts from the two poems that besides having the same theme the thoughts are in many cases identical and are expressed in almost similar language. In Mr. Campbell's poem, as I have said, the mother takes the child with her: in Miss Tynan's

"My baby came in a month or less;
She was far too young to be motherless."

—*Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.*

A SAVING.—The infusion of Indigenous Bitters is prepared as follows: Buy at your druggists for 25c. a packet of "Indigenous Bitters" (the genuine) with which, by infusing like tea, you can make two or four large bottles of bitters similar to those which sell for a dollar at the drug stores, so that each bottle, containing enough for a family, will only cost you a few cents, and with the money that you would pay for one bottle ready prepared you can yourself prepare twelve or fifteen bottles. If you wish to try this receipt, insist upon having the genuine "Indigenous Bitters," which are sold all over the Dominion. Try them.

A Thoughtful Parent.

The Groom—I can't see that check your father placed among the wedding presents.

The Bride—Papa is so absent-minded. He lit his cigar with it.

A Judge of Babies.

Miss Giddigash—Mr. Crusty, did you see the Coolington baby? Do tell me how it looked!

Old Crusty—Um—ah! It is quite small, clean-shaven, red-faced, and looks like a hard drinker.

He Brought It.

New Barber—Excuse me, sir; have you got your mug here?

Mr. Mulligan—Yis; roight in this chair, on top av me neck.

A Scheme That Failed.

Harry (who has decided upon now or never)—Hettie, you know what is in my mind. You know that I long to make you my wife. Now, tell me, Hettie, what does y-e-s spell?

Hettie—I esteem you highly, Harry; but I never could consent to become the wife of a man who is so deficient in orthography.

Misses E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street west, will display their spring show of novelties on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 29 and 30. Every requisite for ladies' attire. Perfection of taste, style and fit. Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect our styles and material.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The letter requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders or inquiries for haste. 3. Questions, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

BALDY.—No coupon enclosed.

A. H. N.—Sorry to refuse, but you forgot your coupon.

JOSEPH, THOMAS AND HANDIE.—You forgot the necessary coupons.

RITA, Montreal.—Your own and enclosed study cannot be delineated, as you omitted to enclose coupon.

BEL.—1. As you enclosed no coupon I am at a loss to understand your letter. 2. I think so—lines of success are there.

DOT.—1. The Eiffel tower is 1,000 feet high. 2. You could not get one which I would recommend under $30. 3. You did not enclose coupon with your study.

WILL.—I have not in the least forgotten you and have often wondered if you would remind me of your existence. Have patience and you'll get what you want in due time.

LUELLE.—You have high aims and ideals, capricious fancy and rather good energy. Frankness and honesty are plain, and some artistic taste, great self-esteem, healthy, good-nature, sufficient discretion but no reserve. Your writing is spelling and characteristic. It might be more refined and careful.

JACK.—1. You don't ask for a graphological study, but ask me if I am not tired after making a great many. Very dear, I am, especially when they are a good deal alike and recent not having such a separate delineation. 2. A good music book for beginners is Arthur Ferrario's, at $1.00, or Hallé's, at 75 cents.

THOMAS.—This study somewhat resembles "Woodend Cottage," but is more sophisticated and less generous of ideas. She is not less tenacious, slightly more liberal and probably takes life easier than her elder study. The very strong similarity between these two points to relationship or else constant courses of pursuits and ideas.

PARSAL.—Your dear, what a long way you've had. You are fond of a laugh, kindly in feeling, able to make yourself at home anywhere; forgiving, careful and almost, over particular about details. If you were a man you'd rule many a party-do before you got one in a low that pretty well suited you, and you are modest, constant and truthful.

SHADE OF MARC ANTONY.—Please, Mr. Ghost, don't blame me because the story wasn't properly finished. I knew the idea was to follow the etchy-sketchy style now in vogue, but the plan did not seem to succeed. I was as much exercised over it as you, but as it is not in my department you must send your spook after another editor. The author (a female), I believe, just left.

JANE L.—As only one coupon was enclosed by you, I can't study your second specimen of chirography. You are a happy-go-lucky, talkative, independent sort of lass, full of yourself and your own affairs, good-natured but selfish, with no judgment, little self-control and rather an impatient contempt for anything slow and out of fashion. You are clever, adaptable, and people can't help liking you, even when you know and their pet curse.

MARK ANTONY (Stratford).—1. I'm sure you haven't appropriated another study as yours. I think I've had the note de plume before. 2. Very good. 3. Prince George, his second son. 4. You have perseverance, decision, desire for success and decided care for number one. You are saving and methodical, fond of praise, humorous and very determined; have some ability but lack intuition, and though your judgment is reliable it isn't very quick.

ISA.—1. Your little woman I'm just lost somewhere and I have just found you. "November 26!" How shocking to keep you waiting so long. 2. Your writing shows some sympathy, but not much, pretty good temper, slight imagination, rather a cool and collected mind, care, discretion and strong opinions, which you can assert emphatically on occasion. You are slightly fickle, have some taste and are looking in wit and sense of humor.

L'ONERA.—1. There has been no much zeafos for the last year. I have not time to hunt through the file for it, and have no such recipe at hand. 2. Strong individuality, carelessness of details, thoughtlessness and a general happy-go-lucky temper are shown in your writing. You are witty, fun-loving, hopeful and though wanting in grace and dignity, have a certain proper claim of your own. I should think you rather self-opinionated and fond of attracting notice.

WOODEND COTTAGE.—A vein of despondency or perhaps deep gravity runs through your writing; hopefulness is not shown. You are careful, tenacious, consistent and truthful, not at all conceited and very pleasant in manner, have some taste for literature, some imagination, a good deal of firmness when necessary, and some love of order. Your tact is not highly developed, you are no strategist, but a well meaning and reliable woman. Thanks for your kind wishes.

A. H. A.—1. It is not at all necessary for ladies to stand while a toast is being drunk. 2. Your writing is rather erratic, and is same by turns, but there is nothing long. You are quick-tempered, careful, constant, tenacious, very fond of talking, rather hasty, very impatient, imaginative, and in sentiment a little unreliable. At the same time you are a steady worker and like to do your very best. You haven't much tact, and your taste needs culture, but you have a certain innate refinement.

M. S., Port Hope.—This is a very interesting study. He writes in a kind of mental shorthand, full of originality of thought, strong feeling and good sense. A quiet sense of humor, a careful and pertinacious method, a dislike to change and a strong desire for completeness and consistency. I should not be afraid to call on my correspondent for advice or sympathy, though that kind man might not offer me either, for I am certain the advice would be wise, and the sympathy sincere.

MIAVANE.—Abundant energy, sympathy, tact, generosity, perseverance and good powers of imagination are shown. He writes in kind of social intercourse, rather confiding, not just the person to entrust state secrets to, for there isn't a particle of secretiveness about him. I should think his temper would be quick, but mild, and slightly witty. The only fault which I can point out, Miavale, is just that overfamiliarity and preciousness to give things away. Taste and ability are both plainly shown, and also love of beauty.

OUTER ARK.—I remember you also, my friend, and am glad to see you. I do not know whether you would succeed in the way you state, but there is another weekly published at 102 King street west, where you might do as you suggest. The "clearing" as you call it, was of no consequence nor at all deserving of thanks. I was only too glad I was able to do it for you. About the same story I know nothing at all, but will look it up (I believe I did, long ago). I am much in sympathy with you on the souvenir question. Great pleasure I will make the Queen's Jubilee, I suppose, but is certainly more picturesque and interesting than Toronto. I hope your patience isn't quite worn out, Annie. 4. Your writing shows intelligence, generosity, tact and a great deal for an easy time, splendid vitality and a discreet and amiable temper. A good deal of business tact, but much tact, taste uncultured but ability very good.

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Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion.

DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT.

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SICK Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those once free from the evil find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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Married in black, you will wish yourself back;
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;
Married in green, ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue, he will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live on a town;
Married in pink, your spirits will sink;
Married or not, you may have to toil;

BUT FOR RHEUMATISM USE ST. JACOBS OIL.

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THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

Tennyson's Drama.

IT is no secret that Tennyson has heretofore been both ambitious and unsuccessful as a dramatist. Charles Reade made a pretty and idyllic play out of the pretty English idyl of Dora, and a play that has had its pleasant days on both sides of the water. But the Laureate's own dramas, The Cup, and The Falcon and Queen Mary and The Promise of May, have died in London, deaths lingering or sudden, but so certain from their first productions that American managers have very seldom been daring enough to venture the reproduction of any. Since last Thursday night, when The Foresters had its first production on any stage at Daly's Theater, it has been no secret in New York that Lord Tennyson's ambition has at last been gratified, and that at eighty-two he at last has made a brilliant *debut* as a dramatic author, after having been the unchallenged spokesman in verse of two full generations of the English-speaking world. There cannot have been an auditor who was not glad for the aged poet, nor one who was not touched by the promise of Mr. Daly, in his little speech before the curtain, that he would telegraph to Lord Tennyson the news of the cordial greeting which this child of his hoary age had met in New York.

Of the success there was, from the close of the first act, no doubt at all, nor of its kind, but rightly to apportion its elements is not so easy. What captivated the hearers was not action, or thought, or even diction. It was an atmosphere and an illusion to which everybody concerned contributed. It was the horns of Elfland faintly blowing. For The Foresters, albeit characters historical are mixed up in it with characters legendary, and though its framework is in great part that of Ivanhoe, is no more a historical play than it is a modern society drama. It is not the Cœur de Lion of the historians, but the Cœur de Lion of the ballad-maker that appears here with his legendary vassals, with Robin Hood and Maid Marian and Friar Tuck and Little John, as well as with his historical brother and supplanter. How absurd it would be to expound a "view" of the personages in a fairy tale, to enquire whether Prince John was really as black or the giant really as big as he is painted, and to turn the nursery into a debating society! For it is really a poetical nursery tale that the octogenarian poet has given us in The Foresters, as truly as it was a poetical nursery tale that he gave us so long ago in The Day Dream. It is a second childhood without dotage:

> "For it may chance indeed that when
> Man's age is hoary among men,
> His further childhood may seem then
> More clear than later times maybe."

Of a poetical nursery tale it would be as absurd to scrutinize the plot as to investigate the characters. There were very possibly among the brilliant company that gathered at the first performance of The Foresters, those who could tell at the end just what had happened to the characters and who was who among them, but such persons are rather to be pitied than envied. We do not require to do things, nor that other people should do things, in Arcadia. It is enough to be in Arcadia; and it is the illusion of dwelling there that The Foresters contrives to convey.

We have said that it is not easy to apportion the elements of this illusion. What Lord Tennyson has contributed to it is an unfailing flow of Arcadian diction in blank verse or archaic prose, an unfailing provision of the most Arcadian sentiments, with here and there an unmistakably Tennysonian line or passage, a happy image perfectly realized, and among the songs some that would have done honor to his prime, and that of themselves take us into the world of illusion, the Forest of Arden, and the country of the Midsummer Night's Dream. Sir Arthur Sullivan has contributed, and the leader of Mr. Daly's orchestra has chosen music which, whatever its intrinsic merits may be, has the merit as incidental music of reflecting the tone of the play, of never disturbing and of very often heightening the illusion of the scene.

But after all it is the production to which the dramatist, if the author of The Foresters is in that capacity to be called so, and the auditors are mainly indebted. For a production less than perfect would have spoiled the illusion, and brought us into the light of common day, where Arcadia spells nonsense. It was evident that there were points in the play which, "overdone or come tardy off," might have sent the best-disposed audience into Homeric laughter, and over-passed the fatal step to the ridiculous. But these points were passed so swiftly and so skilfully that before they had impressed themselves upon the audience they were gone. It was not alone that the principals, that Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew, were adequate, but that there was no one inadequate. It was evident that there was no detail which had not been considered and provided for, and that the most helpless super was not left for one unlucky moment to his own resources. Here, in fact, are not a few actors and actresses, but a dramatic company, capable of sustaining an illusion from beginning to end and at every point of the play, and for this good gift New York owes thanks to Mr. Daly. The setting of the tale was worthy of the tale and the telling. The dressing was appropriate and rich and fantastic, and the scenes were perfectly set and painted and marvelously well lighted. The dance of the fairies with their flowers and their glow worms was one of the loveliest of stage pictures, as far removed from the grossness and vulgarity of the current "transformation scene" as Arcadia from the Bowery. And throughout the play the assembling and the dissolving of the groups again showed that nothing had been left to chance, and that care and skill and taste had combined to a perfect production.

Cause for Alarm

Flannigan—Flee for loife, Bridget! Of'm jist af'ther hearin' th' gintleman fer'mint we sayin th' nixt act will bring down th' house.

Strong in Death.

Mr. Burgess is a pompous, consequential old gentleman, with a mania for shaking hands with distinguished people.

He had shaken hands with all the crowned heads of Europe and most of the presidents of the United States, as well as the governors of all the states and territories.

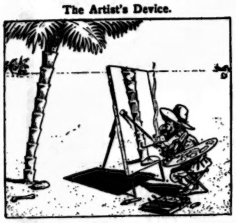
He never missed the opportunity to shake the hand of any famous general or statesman, author, actor, or pugilist whom chance threw in his way.

One day two friends of this gentleman were discussing a funeral which had been held the day previous.

"By the way, I saw Burgess there," said one.

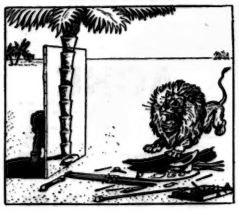
"Yes," said the other. "Did he shake hands with the corpse?"

The Artist's Device.

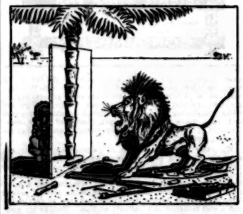


Mr. Raphael Scumble here we see.
He is painting from nature a date-palm tree;

When a lion, he hadn't noticed before,
Comes bounding along with a terrible roar.



He places the picture—with presence of mind—
Against the date-palm tree, and hides behind.



"Damn!" roars the lion, who really supposes
That the picture a part of the landscape composes.

And Raphael, watching the beast depart,
Cries out: "I was right to put trust in Art;

"And as Nature seems somewhat too lively here,
I think I will actually disappear."

Look Before You Sign.

A wag in West Virginia concluded to have some fun at the expense of respectable people who sign petitions and testimonials without stopping to think whether or not that to which they are testifying is true and for the public good. He circulated a petition in his community, stating verbally to each person he approached that it was a paper for the benefit of Mr. Smith. Of course everyone was glad to benefit Smith in so cheap a way, and the paper was soon signed by nearly everybody in the community. The joker then chose a day when nearly all of the signers would be present at the county seat for presenting the petition to the court. There was a hush in the court room as the whisper went round that the petition for Smith's benefit was about to be acted upon. His honor read a few lines, rubbed his spectacles and looked up with indignation. "You're a likely lot of law-abiding citizens!" he exclaimed, over his spectacles, at the assembled signers; and then everybody wondered what was the matter. Matter enough! They had signed a petition to the court to have Neighbor Smith hanged.

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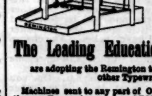

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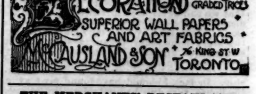

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

t the Academy last week were Judge and Mrs. McDougall and party, the Misses Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson and Mr. and Mrs. J. Stanton King.

•

Mrs. McDermid of Kensington crescent has removed to a handsome new residence on Glen road, Rosedale.

•

Mrs. W. Dodd's At Home on Thursday evening, March 24, was in every way enjoyable. About eighty young people were present. Neapolitano's orchestra furnished the music and a delightful evening was spent.

•

Miss Roberts of Peter street gave a tea on Thursday afternoon.

•

Mrs. John D. Hay returned yesterday morning from a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie of Hamilton.

•

Mr. and Miss Bolte of 43 Cecil street entertained a number of friends at dinner last Tuesday evening.

•

The following ladies and gentlemen sailed last week for Europe by the Cunard steamship Etruria: Mr. Harry Ryrie, Mrs. Lailey, Miss Lailey, Mr. Harry McMaster, Miss McMaster, Mr. Arthur McMaster, Mr. J. Sproule Smith, Miss May Walker, Mr. Jas. Alexander, Major Cunningham, Mrs. Cunningham.

•

Mrs. F. Taggart of 9 Madison avenue gave a very pleasant tea on Thursday afternoon. Among those present I noticed Mrs. Stuart, Mrs. Dixon, Mrs. Frankland, Mrs. Persse, Mrs. Cavanagh, and the Misses Buchanan, Persse, Frankland, Taggart, Mills, Logan and Saunders.

•

Mrs. Brouse's tea last Saturday was well attended. The table was prettily arranged with yellow tulips and ferns. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Armour, the Misses Armour, Mrs. Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Miss Arthurs, Mrs. Boulton, Miss Bickford, Miss Cawthra, the Misses Seymour, and Messrs. Bridgman, Simpson, Blackwood, Shanly, Tilley and Morrow.

•

A beautiful afternoon tea was given on Thursday of last week by Mrs. Robert Simpson of Bloor street east. Mrs. Simpson wore a gown of brown and white velvet and gold embroidery, and was assisted in her duties as hostess by her daughter, Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, who wore pale blue silk and lace.

•

Mr. H. E Smallpiece of the Toronto *World* has been elected a member of the Lotus Club of New York.

•

Mrs. Edmund Wragge of 99 Wellesley street gave a pleasant dinner party a few days ago.

•

A very delightful At Home was given last week by Mrs. Persse of Parkdale. It was a farewell entertainment for Miss Laura Persse, who was married on Wednesday to Mr. Edgar Thorne. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Charles Ingles in St. Mark's church, Parkdale. Miss Persse wore a handsome gown of white silk. The bridesmaids were Miss Flora Moon, Miss Elsie Persse, Miss Marion Thorne and Miss Edith McLean. Mr. Frank Russell and Mr. M. Wedd were groomsmen. Mr. and Mrs. Thorne will spend the honeymoon in a visit to several American cities.

•

A young folks' party was given by the Misses Parsons of the Park last Thursday week.

•

Among the visitors to the Grand during the run of the comic opera Wang last week, I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Col. and Mrs. Dawson and the Misses Dawson, Miss Gussie Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble-Geddes, Miss Yarker, Mr. George Beardmore, Miss Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, Mr. Burritt, Mrs. MacAndrew, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, the Misses Beatty, the Misses Homer Dixon, Mr. and Miss Bickford, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Leach, the Misses Livingstone, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Rutherford, Miss Yoreton of Cincinnati, Mr. E. C. Rutherford and party, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonnell, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, Miss Campbell, Miss Francis, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Lockhart and the Misses Lockhart.

Music.

The Choral Society made its only appearance of the season on Tuesday evening. A very fair-sized audience was present and was liberal in its applause of the programme. Many had been attracted by the desire to hear Signor D'Auria's new work, Guinare, which has excited considerable attention. The programme opened with a short list of four numbers, the first of which was Signor D'Auria's Dominion Day overture. Of course a man has a right to put what ideas he wishes into an occasional overture, but the title and the matter should fit. Instead of being a Dominion Day overture, it might as well be a New Zealand or a Ceylon overture, for it has no local color, no suggestion of the *chansons* of our *Voyageurs*, but simply an elaboration of one theme of the composer's and a variational treatment of God Save the Queen, the chorus singing that anthem at its close. Signor D'Auria's instrumentation is as might be expected from a man of his experience, liberal and varied, and not without a tinctured of the newer schools. Mme. D'Auria followed with a little song by Delibes which has become a great favorite on concert programmes, The Bird of Cadiz. She sang it with taste and discretion. Mr. Boucher re-visited Toronto to assist in this concert and besides rendering good assistance in the orchestra played Vieuxtemps' Fantasia Appassionata, with Wieniawski's Legende as an encore piece. He showed all his accustomed richness of tone and readiness of execution and his playing was a pleasure to the audience, especially as we have had so little violin playing at our concerts this season. Mr. Boucher was much indebted to Mr. Dinelli for the excellent accompaniment he gave him. Mr. George Parker of Boston followed with a selection from Signor D'Auria's Sea King's Bride, entitled Come to Me, O my Beloved. However interesting this number may be in its regular surroundings, as a fugitive piece it is not a success, and Mr. Parker felt it so. His voice is smooth and pleasant and his style is good, yet it has lost much of its power and resonance.

•

Guinare followed and is a work of more pretentiousness than the number of its pages would warrant most people to expect. Signor D'Auria has treated small subjects on a large scale, and has given us some sections worthy of grand opera, notably the closing chorus, in which chorus, orchestra and band vie with each other in making a climax effective. There is also a storm chorus with melodramatic orchestral effects, in which Signor D'Auria's knowledge of orchestral resources is brought into play. The effect is striking, if not always of the most rigorous classicality. A gem is a Mauresque aria sung by Guinare, which is very tender in melody and sentiment, and whose accompaniment is a very dainty bit of orchestration. It was excellently sung by Mme. D'Auria, who has never appeared to better advantage in public. Plenty of local color from beneath divers skies has been provided, Arab, Moorish and Latin subjects being suggested. The music allotted to the Crusader (tenor) is strong and passionate in many instances, but loses much of its interest for the general public in that the melodies are hardly sustained, but rather broken in phrases, with their principal attraction in the general treatment of voice and orchestral part, a distinct adherence to the Wagnerian idea. The chorus sang well, though feebly in places against a large orchestra and band. The orchestra was very good, considering the few rehearsals they were able to have, and after the first few numbers warmed up to their work and played very creditably.

METRO NOME.

A Coming Concert.

The Haslam Vocal Society will give its second concert on May 10. The artists engaged are the great contralto, Sofia Scalchi, and the Schmidt-Herbert string quartette.

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Prof. S. H. Clark — Mr. E. W. Schaub
Mr. Harry M. Blight — Mr. Fred Warrington
Mr. Douglas Bird — Mr. George Taylor
Mr. Ed. Lye — Mr. Tom Hurst
Mr. Harry Rich — Mr. W. E. Ramsay
Signor Dinelli — Orpheus Quartette

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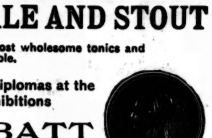

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"Can you sweep and make beds?"

"No."

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"I can milk reindeer."

She was not engaged.

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Millinery Opening with R. Simpson.

(The Telegram, March 30.)

Yesterday was a great day for the ladies. It was millinery opening with R. Simpson, corner Yonge and Queen streets, whose ways of doing things are always on a generous scale. The large millinery rooms, conveniently accessible by elevator and well lighted from both Yonge and Queen streets, bore evidence of the labor that had been bestowed upon them by dainty and careful hands. They were beautifully decorated and in tasteful keeping with the immense stocks of the new spring millinery that were to be found on all sides.

A millinery opening is one of those affairs that pen and ink can never get very near in any attempt at description. There is too much to picture and to be pictured, and perhaps this is the case more this year than usual. The shapes of hats and bonnets are peculiarly peculiar, extremely small crowns being a conspicuous feature. Then in trimmings, laces and jets have come into popular favor once more, while flowers are used galore. It will be a great lace season; it will be a greater flower season. The taste is a natural one. Flowers for trimmings in spring and summer surely, if at any time.

A showing embracing a multitude of beautiful goods and suggestive at every hand of the proper style for hat, bonnet or mantle, was something not to be readily forgotten by the ladies. The millinery opening with R. Simpson, the manager informed us, was to be taken as the opening of the ball in all lines for the season, and his house is well prepared for the large trade they control in stocks of unusual size, variety and value.

The fashionable ladies of Canada will be glad to learn that Messrs. Stovel & Co., the ladies' tailors, have just received a shipment by express containing the very latest novelties to be found in the European markets. These goods have been selected by Mr. E. Stovel, who is now on his way home, having held his shipment until the last moment in order to secure the most stylish designs and choicest colorings which are always delayed to suit high class trade. Some of the specialties are the newest things in materials for gowns suitable for ladies attending the races.

Unreserved Auction Sale

We have received instructions from

Messrs. H. A. Collins & Co

(Who are retiring from the retail portion of their business)

to offer the whole of their valuable stock of

HOUSEFURNISHINGS

CONSISTING OF

Fine Electro-plated Ware
Knives, Forks & Spoons
Plated Dish Covers
Brass Fire Irons
Brass Fenders
Brass Andirons
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Woodenware
&c., &c.

BY

PUBLIC AUCTION

ON

Thursday, April 7

POSITIVELY NO RESERVE

This is an opportunity seldom presented to the citizens of Toronto of procuring first-class goods at reasonable prices.

C. M. HENDERSON & CO., Auctioneers

BEWARE of the MICROBE

From the Irish Canadian, February 11, 1892.

THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE; and if life is to be preserved and prolonged, an imperative condition is that the blood be pure, rich and active. For all the ills to which flesh is heir there is but one cause, and that cause most undeniably is vitiated or impure blood. Where, therefore, the life-giving current is weak and sluggish, there will be found an enfeebled constitution, the result of germs insidiously impregnating the system with disease. These germs or microbes feed upon the blood and tissues; and when the poison of their actions set in, the end is not far off. Few there are who fully comprehend the danger which lurk in the vicinity of those almost imperceptible particles which find lodgement in the human organization; and it is only when their destructive inroads became apparent that the sufferer realizes peril, and casts about for relief. All the known remedies are employed and medical science is called in—and yet a cure is seldom or never effected. The microbe or blood fee seems to be untouched by the most elaborate prescriptions; and the only effectual check to its growth and mischief, of which account is taken, is that devised by Mr. Radam, whose name has leaped into prominence within the last few years, and whose remedy challenges the skeptical to a test. His Microbe Killer is of comparatively recent discovery; but short as has been its record the proofs are many that the discovery has not been made in vain, but that it is a priceless boon to suffering humanity. You who are laboring under physical ailment may not be cured by Radam's Microbe Killer; but you cannot tell till you try it.

Wm. Radam Microbe Killer Co'y, Ltd.

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R. W. Stark, 620 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man.

☞ Mention this paper when writing.

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Pronounce it to be the finest extant.

Contains more Pure Cod Liver Oil than any other Emulsion on the market.

$1.00 SIZE, 75c.

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Nestlé's Milk Food for infants has, during 25 Years, grown in favor with both doctors and mothers throughout the world, and is now unquestionably not only the best substitute for mothers' milk, but the food which agrees with the largest percentage of infants. It gives strength and stamina to resist the weakening effects of hot weather, and has saved the lives of thousands of infants. To any mother sending her address, and mentioning this paper, we will send samples and description of Nestlé's Food.

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MOTHERS

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This medicine is superior to any other for Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Cramps, and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels, and any other disorder of the bowels of infants occasioned by teething or other causes. Gives rest and quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Prepared only by

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

DICKSON—On Tuesday, March 29th, the wife of Dr. W. F. Dickson—a son.

SMITH—March 22, Mrs. J. S. Smith—a daughter.

FELLOWES—Mrs Fred L. Fellowes—a daughter.

HARCOURT-VERNON—March 24, Mrs. Harcourt-Vernon—a daughter.

BATH—March 22, Mrs. Percy Bath—a son.

DUNSTAN—March 22, Mrs. George Dunstan—a son.

DeVURNET—March 24, Mrs. DeVernet—a daughter.

MURRAY—March 24, Mrs. A. G Murray—a daughter.

BARKER—March 27, Mrs. A. F. Barker—a son.

DUDLEY—March 22, Mrs. T. J. Dudley—a son.

LAW—March 20, Mrs. W. H. Law—a son.

MACALLUM—March 19, Mrs. A. B. Macallum—a son.

HOOPER—March 16, Mrs J. Hooper—a daughter.

FLETT—March 29, Mrs. C. E. Flett—a daughter.

Marriages.

CLARKE—NEELANDS—March 23, Bella Clarke to Watson Neelands.

HOOPER—BOYNTON—March 23, Henry Hooper to Elizabeth Boynton.

McKAY—WINDATT—March 9, John McKay to Mary Windatt.

STOTHERS—HATCHARD—March 15, William Stothers to Emma Hatchard.

Deaths

BINGHAM—March 29, '92, at his residence, Fairview, Bradford, Ont., Robert Bingham, in his 75th year.

GREEN—March 27, Sarah Green.

SAMUEL—March, Mark Samuel, aged 68.

MACKAY—March, Jessie M. Mackay.

MORTON—March, Peter Morton, aged 71.

BLACKBURN—March 23, Evelyn Stevenger, aged 2.

MEREDITH—March 23, T. Meredith, aged 57.

CLARKE—March 25, H. K. Clarke, aged 65.

HARMAN—March 25, S. B Harman, aged 72.

TOBIAS—March 5, Elias Tobias, aged 81.

MACDONALD—March 27, John Macdonald, aged 44.

GILLESPIE—March 27, Mary Gillespie, aged 9

McLAUGHLIN—March 24, David S McLaughlin, aged 70.

MILLARD—March 7, William Millard, aged 83.

BOND—March 19 Mary Bond, aged 80.

SIMPSON—March 20, Willena Simpson, aged 3.

SIMPSON—March 26, Mollie Simpson, aged 4.

RUSSELL—March 25, Lucy Russell, aged 72

ROBERTSON—March 24, Hugh Robertson, aged 50.

WALKER—March, Frances E Walker, aged 16.

LAMBERT—March 24, George Lambert, aged 74.

DU VERNET—March 28, Florence May Du Vernet.

LESLIE—March 28, Gladys Leslie, aged 5.

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FOR DECORATING.

A. D. Coffee Cups and Saucers
Bread and Butter Plates
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Fish Services
Vases, Flower Pots, &c.

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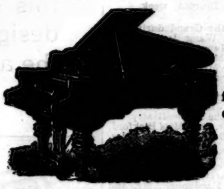

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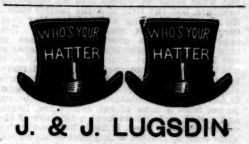

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